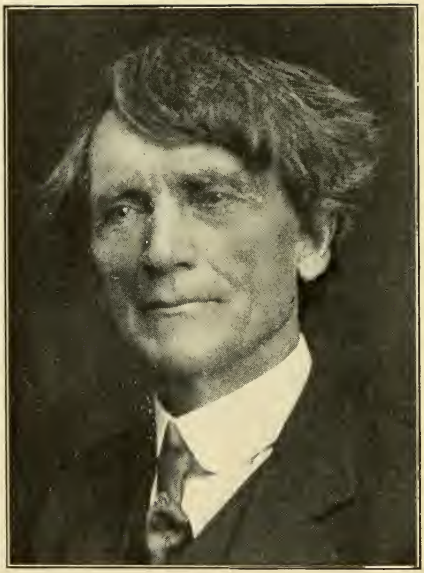
Modern Lyrics

Class _____

Book _____

Copyright No. _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



GEORGE DEERING HOOK

MODERN LYRICS

BY

GEORGE DEERING HOOK

PS3515
O52M6
1916

COPYRIGHT, 1916
BY GEORGE D. HOOK

PRESS OF
SEASIDE PRINTING CO.
LONG BEACH, CAL.
1916

$1.35
DEC 26 1916
©CLA446953
no. 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Word to the Reader	9
My Harp	11
Old Settlers' Picnic	12
Memories Stream	14
Having the Form of Godliness	16
The Unwelcomed Babe	17
Abraham's Sacrifice	20
Sinking of the Lusitania	24
Brain	26
Egyptian Mummy's Hand Soliloquy	27
Navigation	28
Why Death Was Necessary	30
Christian Insincerity	31
A Lone Dove	32
Jesus Still On Life's Duty Road	33
God's Realm	34
Slim Chance For Life	35
Iowa in Fifty-Two	36
Redemption a Tragic Act	39
Between the Past and Future I Stand	41
They Pumped Blood in His Veins	42
Uncle Tom's Cabin in the Fifties	44
What is Language?	45
The Meadow Long Ago	47
Song of the Ocean	48
God is With Us	50
The Engrafter	52
California	54
The Mocking Birds' Nest	56

Contents.

	PAGE
Jonah	59
The Ride in the Baggage Car	63
Rally to the Flag—Who Are Its Foes?	66
A Prayer	68
All Conquests Fail	70
The Home Out of Doors	72
Prayer of Consecration	73
Riddle of the Ages	74
Vesuvius	81
The Snail and the Bird	89
A Mirror of the Ages	90
Mummy Head	91
The King of the Jews	94
The Lake of Genesaret	95
To the Unknown Hero	96
Jacob	97
An Inner Light	100
A Childless Home	101
The Sight of God	103
Inspiration	104
Galilee	105
Lincoln	106
Echoes of His Voice	107
Good Old Days Are Gone	108
Know Not All That Jesus Taught	109
Our Teacher Who Taught Christ	110
Hunger Cause of Greed	111
Childhood Home in Hoosier Swamps	112
Bewildered	113
Internal Dangers	114
Not the Bucket But the Boy	115

Contents.

	PAGE
Who is a Murderer?	117
Nut Gathering in Iowa	118
He Found No Rhyme for Cupid	120
Comrades	121
Old Erin	122
The White Man and the Red	123
Nothing Stingy About God	124
The Old Story	125
Each Age Once Modern	126
The Song of Christ	127
Trees Have Their Own Feeling	128
Coming Home	129
Where Golden Rule Don't Apply	130
The Dog and the Wolf	131
Sixty Years Ago in Iowa	132
The Little Stream	134
Simplicity of Faith	135
Custom Was to Eat the Sacrifice	136
Be Kind to the Lowly	137
Beauties of Art and Nature Contrasted	138
Man's Habitation	139
The Indian and the Snail	140
This Feed is Dry	141
Reflections on the Sand Bags	142
Remembering the Sparrows	143
The Wolf and the Gentleman	144
Consistency a Jewel	144
Two Little Chicks	145
Her Charms	146
The Upper Fold Thinning Out	147
A Heavenly Swing	148
Each a Part of This World	149

Contents.

PAGE

The Red Man, the White, Then the Jap 150
Written After Attending C. S. Church 151
The Home of Old Time 152
The Invisible Architect 153
Looking at a Face 153
From Omaha to Golden Gate 154
Flesh the Servant of Mind 158
Twinkle Little Star 159
Who Told You? 160
What is Life? 160
The Deutschland 161
Why Heaven's Rest 162
Don't Blame Me 163
Unseen Forces 164
Recollection 164
Two Years in the Fight 165
Design in Man's Frame 166
Endless Chain 167
The High-Heeled Shoes 168
The Indians Had No Domestic Animals 169
Drifting 170
Brotherhood of Man 171
Enlightening the Evangelist 173
An Invisible Hand 173
The Unseen Hand 174
The Lips Beneath the Rose 175
Silent Powers 175
The Lost Cupids 176
How a Swarm of Bees Went to School 177
The Devil Loses His Job 179
The Barren Coast 181

Contents.

PAGE

Empty Profession 183
Poets 184
An Invisible Ladder 183
Departing Day 184
Pass On 185
All Days Equal Worth 185
Bright Eyes 186
Who? 187
A Star In the Sky For Me 187
I See All Worlds 188
Mother Looking at Her Boy's Picture 189
A Complete Sacrifice 189
Doubting Thomas 190
Weakest Link 191
The Seen Born of the Unseen 192
Soul's Last Refuge 193
Approach of a Ship 194
The Star of Bethlehem 195
Tell Me of Spring 196
God's Way the Best 198
Semi-Gods 199
The Voice of Creation 200

A WORD TO THE READER.

"Not what he learned from books,
Not what the teacher said;
'Twas what he learned from brooks
And from the leaves o'er head."

Not till seventy years had rolled around did the Author know or suspect that he belonged to the bards.

These poems are not studied, they come from the subconscious mind. Like the rill or creek they flow from their own impetus and follow their own course or channel through the verdant fields. Not a line or verse is borrowed. Most of them were written under the inspiration of the moment. "The Meadow Long Ago" was written sitting on the swath half mowed and the scythe by his side, and "The Song of The Ocean" with the echo of the waves in his ear.

No one is as surprised as the Author, and if the reader is pleased he will be doubly gratified. To his faithful wife, who saw in them a beauty and thereby encouraged him, are they dedicated.

MY HARP.

God made my harp and plays on strings
The music that He wills,
His finger's touch sweet music brings
My soul with rapture fills.

I hear the echoes from the stars
When all is silent round,
The far off notes without a jar
That fill the Heavens with sound.

He puts the harp in tune to play
With chords to suit His voice,
And then I hear His sweetest lay
That makes my heart rejoice.

Sometimes He plays the minor key
Whene'er my soul is sad,
A soft sweet chord alone for me
He soothes and makes me glad.

The golden harp He'll give to me
Across the silvery stream,
I'll sing the notes so full and free
Of which on earth I dream.

OLD SETTLER'S PICNIC.

(Guthrie Co., Iowa, Sept. 3, 1915.)

Beneath this grove again I rove,
Oft here when but a boy;
My heart doth burn to now return
And clasp your hands with joy.

'Twas by this stream when child I dreamed
Of future with no fears;
With life most past we come at last
To now review those years.

Now comes in sight past days so bright
When we were children here;
We played on green in many a scene
By rippling stream so clear.

These three score years have known some tears,
Left furrows on our cheeks;
We joys have known in years now flown,
'Tis smiles today we seek.

While time has flown new trees have grown,
The old ones passed away;
And faces new appear in view,
The old ones—where are they?

The log canoe that, then, Frank knew,
Has sunk beneath the wave,
To tree on shore is chained no more—
Tree, too, has found a grave.

And Frank and May, who used to play
And ride in this canoe,
Have drifted far across the bar—
We'd send them greeting, too.

I've crossed the brine to view the Rhine
Flow by her castle towers,
But here we played in childhood days,
Have known no happier hours.

In native land again I stand
And breathe her air so free;
It is my home where e'er I roam,
No other dear like thee.

Lo, some have gone to Oregon,
And some to Kansas strayed,
And some remained and riches gained—
They found how well it paid.

Some left their all at country's call,
And sleep 'neath sunny sod;
We drop a tear, their memory's dear,
And bow to will of God.

MEMORIES STREAM.

Had rained that night—next day is bright
And snow is melting fast,
I sit on ledge by river's edge
And watch loosed trees drift past.

By memories stream I muse and dream,
Of all the days gone by,
Of scenes once dear in memory clear
Seem now, to pass so nigh.

The snow in hills had turned to rills
And tears have filled my eyes,
For forms I loved now gone above,
In memory plainly rise.

My mother's face I plainly trace,
My trundle bed I see;
Her kneeling form, both night and morn,
How oft she knelt by me.

The old fireplace, each well known face,
The chairs around the hearth,
Where each one sat, and e'en the cat
And every childish mirth.

The dinner plate where each one ate,
The bench along the wall,
Each outdoor fun and how we run
At Mother's well known call.

The old home scene, the yard so green,
The garden and the fence;
The orchard trees, now fancy please
In memory floated hence.

Now comes in view school days I knew,
The children on the green,
And many a face I now can trace,
Long passed from earthly scene.

Their happy glee again I see
'Tho many years have passed
Since on the slope they jumped the rope
And chased each other fast.

While in my teens pass many scenes
Forgotten, came in view
On memories stream now clearly seen
Each one I ever knew.

My fishing pole—our swimming hole
Swings round the bend in view,
The old saw mill around the hill
Pass now in quick review.

The boys on log stretch up like frogs
Into the water spring;
Then swim around till footing found,
While woods with laughter ring.

The old grist mill that's never still
In view comes further down,
Where farmers wait from morn till late
To get their grist, when ground.

Upon the hill in church yard still,
I saw white marble stand,
The words on each some moral teach
And point to better land.

Like night's fair dreams in memories stream,
While time doth ever flow
Here, back and forth in endless course
Pass scenes of long ago.

HAVING THE FORM OF GODLINESS

The Sermon on the Mount is fine,
It must have been inspired;
But will not do for present time,
Tho much by us admired.

We boast about our orchard trees,
And dote about their names;
And much about their bark and leaves
Explain from whence they came.

"But what about the fruit they bear?"
Well, that we never ate;
The name is all for which we care—
The fruit is out of date.

THE UNWELCOMED BABE.

(A Little Baby Boy Found Floating in a Box in the Harbor Suggested This Touching Poem.)

To a mother is born in a palace grand
A much honored babe, the heir of the throne,
" 'Tis a boy" is cabled o'er ocean and land,
To islands and regions remote 'tis borne.

To an orphan alone God sends a dear child,
Whose love was betrayed by a moment of joy;
Her heart strings are fluttering in a tempest so wild,
What matters it now that her babe is a boy.

Her babe is the heir to a life of disgrace
Should coming to world ever be known;
His footprints on earth no human must trace,
The bosom of Mother her babe must disown.

Yet little she knew how immortal the soul
Born from the darkness, in heaven to shine;
Nor little she thought when God calls the roll
Would say, "Dear Mother and child you're mine."

In a rude little box she places her babe,
While lips are still wet from milk from her breast;
Down deep in her heart she wishes to save,
With tears in her eyes she views him at rest.

In the little frail box she places a stone,
One at his head, then one at his feet;
Her heart is in tune with ocean's deep moan
While bearing the box the ocean to meet.

With her own weak hand she gives it a shove,
Though expected to sink, it rides on the wave;
Her Father looks down from the skies above
And claims it for Heaven as she reaches to save.

While she stretches her arms it sends her a cry,
Fainter and fainter as it floats from her reach;
Her heart strings are breaking, she answers with sigh,
While her God draws near to heal, and to teach.

In the light of the moon babe floated away;
God's angels were guarding its voyage to the deep;
Its spirit so pure no longer might stay,
From the snares of the world, God's mercy would keep.

With hot briny tears she sought her low couch,
At the depths of her crime her soul took affright;
She ventured to pray as lower she crouched,
In the gloom of her heart God sent a new light.

So, well she knew now her child was at home,
Though victim of crime, he was innocent and pure;
But long she must wander without him alone,
Of meeting again she now would make sure.

Born to misfortune she was object of talk,
And soon it was rumored that something was wrong;
Though careful she lived, a specter now stalked,
She wearied of life, the journey seemed long.

At the end of her days like a leaf that must fall,
She lay in a box at the edge of the tide.
As the waves rolled on she heard her child call,
Then, floated away on the ocean so wild.

By chance or God's will she settled by babe,
With a stone for a pillow, and one at her feet;
The Father in Heaven looked down on the wave,
Each atom of dust forever will keep.

The grave of the mother and child will be one,
When God shall garner the treasures of deep;
Their spirits immortal to Heaven have gone,
Angelic in form and body they meet.

Not as they parted so sad by the wave,
Their arms outstretched, with gladness they greet;
Their Father in Heaven forever doth save,
Oh, life eternal with Him will be sweet.

The child of the king was stained with all crime,
And blood of the millions that surged at his feet;
Though outwardly robed, in nature a swine,
The portion of needy formed daily his meet.

As ages surged by, he heard the sad moan
Of the widows and orphans on earth he had made;
In a far-off cave God heard his deep groan,
And listened in kindness and pity to save.

White as the lily that floats on the wave,
The stains of the mother were washed by her tears;
Restored to her breast was her own pure babe,
In the sweet haven of rest now endless their years.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE

Could God who said, "Thou shalt not kill,"
Bid Abram kill his son?
The men who thus impeach God's Word,
Let honest people shun.

The lifted hand to slay his son
Was stained with blood in thought;
'Twas not revenge nor shining gold,
A heavenly crown he sought.

The sin in thought, and not in deed,
The lesson Jesus taught.
How deep the stain on Abram's soul
As this lone place he sought.

Three days he came with knife and fire,
His son he bound to wood;
His gleaming blade flashed in the sun,
Beside his child he stood.

He heard a voice and turned to look,
A ram was waiting near;
The prize was won, his son was saved,
His great renown we hear.

He loosed his child and burnt the ram
Upon the funeral pile;
No saint so pure but lauds the deed—
A stain on age so vile.

How could a man with father's heart
Conceive this bloody deed?
He surely lived in bloody age,
He raised a bloody seed.

The altars of the house they built,
Run red with bloody gore;
No guilt or sin was washed away
Till blood like rivers pour.

They said that God would see the blood,
The burning flesh would smell;
But priests around the altar lived,
Their stomachs fared quite well.

Of sheep and oxen thousands slain,
They got their share of food;
The people brought their sacrifice—
To priest, it tasted good.

The victims all have changed to One
He hung upon the Cross,
That God might look upon the blood,
Have pity on the lost.

Still priests, around the altar live,
Sometimes the people bleed,
The offering to the Lord their gain,
Upon the flock they feed.

A preacher comes and tells his flock
That they must consecrate,
That God above gave up His Son,
No sacrifice too great.

Collections come, he calls for names,
They pass around the plate;
His eye is on the sacrifice
He hopes that each will make.

Again he tells of Abram's faith,
How bright a crown he won,
How on God's altar all must lay
If Abram's crown is won.

"My all is on the altar laid,"
They sing it o'er and o'er;
They pray that fire from heaven may come,
They pray for more and more.

They each proclaim the victory won,
One gave a child and wife
To gain the fadeless diadem—
He tells how great the price.

He homeward wends his moody way,
He thinks of Abram's crown,
To gain a shining diadem
He'd lay earth's idols down.

His wife and child see in his eye
The look of something far;
He sees a heavenly diadem,
'Tis set with star on star.

He enters with a gleaming knife,
He grasps the child by arm;
The mother screams to no avail,
She would protect from harm.

By bloody deed they both are slain—
The preacher is to blame;
He told them Abram won a crown,
And he would win the same.

Will sight of blood increase God's love?
Why hold up human gore?
Think you a thousand streams of blood
Could make God love us more?

A mother's love is built on love,
And all her love in store
She freely gives her helpless child,
Her heart an open door.

The many lessons Jesus taught
Were those of simple love;
The wandering boy, the prodigal
Holds out a hope above.

The father did not turn from boy
And tell him bring a priest;
He saw the streaming tears in eyes,
Prepared his son a feast.

Christ did not talk of blood and gore
To buy us from our sins;
He told of good Samaritan
That helped the man to inn.

SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA.

(This poem was written after reading of the sinking of the Lusitania.)

In pathless deep new terrors sleep,
Death hides beneath the wave,
And lurks in way to kill and slay
And fill his ready grave.

Two thousand told—both young and old,
So full of happy glee;
In sight of land to clasp the hand
With loved ones soon to be.

A sudden shock—then urgent knock,
Death's summons all could hear;
Ship called for aid—all haste was made,
She sank ere help was near.

The mother gasped—then baby clasped
Upon the wave she fell;
Sister, brother, father, mother,
Bade each a last farewell.

Not sudden fears nor blinding tears
Could drown the awful rush;
No wealth of charms could death disarm,
The roaring billows hush.

A thousand strong composed the throng
Who sank beneath the wave;
They heard the call, and left their all,
Among them were the brave.

The vessel tipped—then reeled and dipped,
One gazed o'er wreck he'd made
And thought of fame—undying name
In history never fade.

The sun looks down on waves around,
Reveals the carnage wrought;
The living call—he's dead to all,
No needed aid he brought.

The golden hair of maidens fair
Were now of sea a part,
Their glaring eyes upturned to skies
Ne'er touched his stony heart.

More God-like built was Vanderbilt,
Who trembling woman met,
Unloosed his belt, beside her knelt,
Around her waist it met.

His heart was stirred—her life preserved,
He sank beneath the wave;
In history told—should ne'er grow old
A deed so kind and brave.

He could not swim—till time grows dim
He'll rest beneath the wave,
But stars look down on all around
Undimmed, will watch his grave.

While sea remains, the brand of Cain
Will rest on murderer's brow;
The waves will moan where deed is known
While ships the ocean plow.

BRAIN.

The swiftest feet and sharpest horns,
  Unequal match for brains,
Has come beneath the yoke of man,
  Their neck has felt his reins.
Their sharpest teeth, most deadly claws,
  No match for steel and ball,
Now gently purr at feet of man,
  Submissive to his call.

Their fleece and furs by nature grown,
  Protection from the cold,
Are used by needy naked man;
  By him are bought and sold.
The helpless race has master grown,
  While those equipped for life,
Have yielded to the sway of man
  Or perished in the strife.

Front limbs have raised and grown him hands,
  His brain has reared his head,
His feet in realms untrod before
  Are now by wisdom led.
The infant babe in mother's arms,
  Most helpless life of all,
Is armed with power that sways strong hearts,
  Obedient to its call.

Man's natural lack which creatures had,
  Has been his greatest gain,

His strife to get what e'er he lacked,
Has caused his growth of brain.
No fins, his home is on the deep;
No wings, he sails the air;
His feet are slow, he takes the train;
And reaches Heaven by prayer.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY'S HAND SOLILOQUY.

Belonged sometime to babe,
With mother's heart strings played.
A mother's fancy pleased,
With fingers on her knees.
When palm has larger grown,
A fortune moulds its own.

That hand another grasped,
A wife, a child, it clasped.
For loved ones worked and plied
From morn 'till eventide.
A load a burden bore
And laid at open door.

Now folded on his breast,
Has ceased from toil to rest.
Feels not the pulse of time,
Tho' once it throbbed like mine.
His span of life is past,
For naught will ever grasp.

NAVIGATION.

In early ages of the race
  Man swam across the stream,
But one with brains instead of fins
  Climbed on a log, it seems.
Perched on the log with wife and babe,
  He pushed across the stream,
When wiser grown he dug it out,
  Made rude canoe, it seems.

As brain enlarged new ideas came,
  He bent some poles in shape;
Then stretched about it bark and skins
  And launched it out on lake.
In place of hands he made some oars
  To row his boat about;
He later learned the use of sails
  When wind was long his route.

In time he learned to saw the trees
  And build them into ships;
With spreading sails to catch the breeze
  On seas he made his trips.
In time he learned the use of steam,
  This takes the place of sails,
And shoves the ships with mighty force
  Against the strongest gales.

Now toughest steel displaces wood,
  The ship braves storms and fog;

A palace home for thousand souls
  Because man climbed a log.
The fish with fins instead of brains
  Kept swimming on in sea,
While man who lacks all else but brains
  A thousand times more free.

WHY DEATH WAS NECESSARY.

An angel sat on ocean sand
And counted every grain.
Another sat on desert land
And called each grain by name.

They sit on earth and atoms count
On every hill and plain.
I saw the total 'mount
They wrote in figures plain.

Each grain was numbered in their book,
From where each atom came.
Inventory complete they took,
Gave credit for each grain.

They figured now with solemn look
Enough to make each man,
And all the millions that it took
To form the fields they'd planned.

They figured then for future years
When generations rise.
I plainly saw in face their fears
As figures grew in size.

They figured then on all they'd eat,
More fields to grow the grain.
They saw their atoms would not meet
So great would be the drain.

They said Old Time is very long,
Man's days must be but few.
Then Time can bring new millions on,
That seems the best to do.

They then gave out that man must die,
As atoms are too few.
Why should you sigh when one so nigh
Must leave a place for you.

CHRISTIAN INSINCERITY.

"Forgive us Lord as we forgive,"
The Christians love to pray;
Then ask the Lord that they may live,
When they go out to slay.

"We are redeemed" I hear them sing;
Redeemed from what I'd know?
Is it from selfishness within,
Or any other foe?

"We are blood washed" I hear them say;
"Our garments white as snow."
It is the blood of those they slay,
That on their garments show.

"Ye hypocrites," I hear Christ say;
"You lisp the prayer I taught,
Invoking wrath each time you pray,
Then claim your pardon's bought."

A LONE DOVE.

From window ledge I sat and gazed
Far out, o'er crest of sea
And longed for by-gone happy days
With one who'd flown from me.

A lonely dove had lost her mate,
She came to comfort me,
And flew from far and lit on gate,
I wished my heart as free.

I raised the window, in she flew,
And perched on picture frame
Of my lost mate, and then I knew
From her my birdie came.

I longed, but dare not grasp her form,
So opened wide the door,
The spirit flew to cloudless morn,
The body fell to floor.

The bird like me had lost her mate,
Of life had weary grown,
She could not live on earth apart,
Her spirit life had flown.

Sweet memory holds my love and dove,
Just as she came to me,
On angel wings my dove and love
Has flown, dear Lord, to Thee.

My Father's home her spirit sought
From care and sorrow free;
This vision brought a cheerful thought,
Some day she'll send for me.

JESUS STILL ON LIFE'S DUSTY ROAD.

Some err and say that Christ is far
He left this world to stay;
They little think that Christ is here
And walks earth's lonely way.

The man you turned away from door,
Or passed in rags on road,
Had you but known that he was Christ,
You'd helped him bear his load.

Did you not see that look on face,
The lines of sadness there?
Did you not know Christ felt his pain,
And had for him a care?

In prison cells may Christ be found,
And oft on beds of pain,
If you shall fail to help Him there,
No other chance you'll gain.

GOD'S REALM.

The Earth is seen, has meadows green,
And all spread out to view;
But out of sight is God of might,
Is plain to me and you.

The earth is old, has mines of gold,
But riches pass away;
There's One abides whate'er betides,
That's why to Him we pray.

The world is gay, but that's today,
Tomorrow it is sad;
There is a joy without alloy,
Of this we're ever glad.

The world is bright, but has its night,
God needs no light to see
When shadows fall, no light at all,
To God, your refuge, flee.

God is a friend, will comfort lend,
When troubles thick assail;
Then make Him yours while world allures,
Your effort will avail.

In far off heights are new delights,
No mortal yet has known;
Our spirit eye shall see new sky
When we have higher flown.

There is a well, whose depth can tell,
Of it each soul may drink,
When free from sin will rise within,
To lips from crystal brink.

No eye has seen the world serene,
The realms where God doth dwell;
There we shall roam when we are home,
Its raptures who can tell.

SLIM CHANCE FOR LIFE.

Had father married dark eyed Jane
Instead of maid with blue,
Would I have borne my father's name
Or had same mother true?

Half brother to myself at best,
To self I'd seem so queer;
My mind would never know sweet rest
I tremble now with fear.

Had grandpa chose another lass,
Instead of one he did,
My grandma left to be old maid
I pity pa the kid.

Had any one in all the line
From Adam down to pa
Found other sweetheart true and kind
Would I have known my ma?

IOWA IN FIFTY-TWO.

Oh, Iowa, now waving fields,
I saw when plains of grass,
And prairie schooners from the East,
Wound slowly as they passed.
God planted streams, all fringed with trees,
Across these grassy plains;
Here farmers flocked from swamps and woods,
And went to raising grain.

The "Buckeye" farmer left his ax,
The "Hoosier," grubbing hoe;
And by some stream on grassy plain
Began to plant and sow.
He turned the level, fertile sod
In furrows, dropped the corn,
It sprang to meet the coaxing sun,
He smiled each sunny morn.

No weeds grew up to vex his soul;
The ground drank in the showers;
In fall he cribs his field of corn,
And thanks the Higher powers.
No stumps to dodge, no roots to grub,
He now cross-plows the sod,
And has a virgin field of ground,
For which he thanks his God.

He cuts and hauls his winter wood,
Lays up his fence of rails;
From trees in groves he builds his house
And roofs it without nails.
The floor is made from puncheons split
And hewed on upper side;
The latch-string out, the broad fireplace
Warm welcome doth betide.

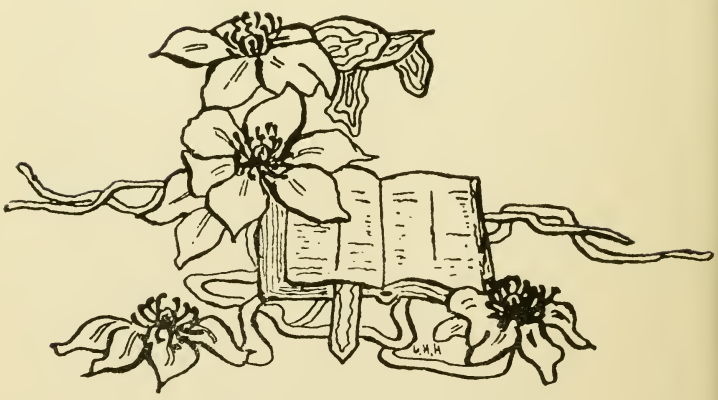
The comely home had warmth and cheer;
No stranger passed the door,
A welcome guest at each meal time,
They knew no rich or poor.
The wagon road from farm to farm
Wound through the prairie grass,
And everyone who came their way
Found welcome ere they passed.

The summer long the cattle grazed
Upon the sloping green;
Each farmer mowed and stacked his hay
From valleys set between.
The calves were kept in pastures fenced,
The cows at night returned;
The children meet their fathers' steps;
Home feelings warmly burned.

When hay was hauled, and grass was dry,
The prairie fires drew nigh;
At night, could see them far away,
Reflected in the sky.
The deer that roamed o'er native fields,
Have changed to blooded stock;

The prairie hens that brought us meat,
Replaced by fancy flocks.

O Iowa, O Iowa,
In memory oft I roam;
I see the school house made of logs,
Each little humble home.
But wagon road through prairie grass
Has changed to broad highway;
The old log house and those I knew,
Long since have passed away.



REDEMPTION A TRAGIC ACT.

Redemption is man's tragic act,
His part in holy plan;
Has blood worked on a sinless act?
Speak up, poor bloody man.

Now was the slaying of His Son
A part of holy plan?
How could the pure and sinless
Thus stain the hand of man?

The offering up of Abram's son
Was never made in fact—
Would God, the pure and Holy One,
Complete the bloody act?

Is God so poor he needs the price
Of man's redemption fee?
Does He desire a sacrifice
That He the blood may see?

In ages past the priest began
His work of sacrifice,
And blood around the altars ran
Oh, God, was this Thy price?

And many a human victim burned
To cool God's awful wrath;
And every way man seemed to turn
Death lay across his path.

But priest conceived new sacrifice
In Christ, whom they had slain;
They said His blood would now suffice
His death was now their gain.

They even claimed He was ordained
To die upon the cross,
That sinners lost might be reclaimed,
God's Son the price it cost.

But has the blood for sinners shed,
Made white their crimson stain?
Has it to love and mercy led?
Speak up! thou millions slain.

Redemption is an empty fact
For man is yet in sin;
He stoops to any beastly act
And wades through blood to win.

Turn back, Oh, man, from bloody way,
For God, like Christ, is kind:
Why should you stray, Christ points the way,
Your leaders they are blind.

BETWEEN THE PAST AND FUTURE I STAND.

O'er magnitude of time that's past
Towards endless years to come,
I gaze from crest between two seas
Which is the vaster one?

The sea that's past doth larger grow
As endless ages roll,
But does that make the future less
Tho time takes ceaseless toll?

How strange that I should stand on crest
Where past and future meet,
And look both ways at endless sea
Whose waves roll past my feet.

Tonight I stand and gaze on stars
That mark the distant shore,
Where time has rolled in ages past
Drift nigh, oh future store.

Those stars seem fixed shall float away
On time's great moving stream,
New world come floating into view
By future ages seen.

So vast is space that all the stars
In time may float this way,
In that abyss to us unknown
God guides them on their way.

THEY PUMPED BLOOD IN HIS VEINS.

They turn more water in the mill
When wheels were turning slow;
The slackened wheels renew their grind,
More water makes them go.

They pump more blood into his viens,
For life was ebbing low.
The crest of life rose high again
As blood in currents flow.

'Tis not the water grinds the grain,
It only lends the power
That turns the wheels from eye unseen,
And thus produce the flour.

The blood that turns the wheels of thought,
Unseen within the brain,
Is like the water lends its power
To wheels that grind the grain.

The stream that flows from distant hills
Will start the mill to grind;
So blood from man tho no akin,
Will turn the wheels of mind.

How strange it seems that other's blood
Should cause our thoughts to flow,
And give us pleasures all our own
And mind to think and know.

So food we eat of flesh or grain
  Becomes a flowing stream
That turns the wheels of thought in brain
  May grind us pleasant dreams.

The wheels in mill will move again
  Tho idle many a day;
The wheels in brain refuse to turn
  If they should stop a day.

Of finer make they are by far
  And will not stand the rust,
For they would run ten thousand years
  If flesh was not of dust.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN THE FIFTIES.

In every field and wood
Where a log cabin stood;
On each hill, in each dell
Wherever families dwell;
By the fire, near the bed
Uncle Tom's Cabin is read.

O'er the bright fire that glows
A wave for freedom rose;
It kindles in each breast
'Twill not quench, 'twill not rest;
A fire! a storm! it breaks
From Dixie to the Lakes.

A nation hears the roar,
From lakes to ocean's shore;
The cannon's deadly tone
Echoes the bondman's moan;
Baptized with blood and tears
Washed are the stains of years.

Fair land riven in twain
Is cemented again;
Brothers in blue and gray
Meet where their comrades lay;
No North, South, East or West
'Neath one flag we all love best.

WHAT IS LANGUAGE?

What is language? Ask the breeze.
"I whisper to the listening leaves,
I wake the early morning dew
Just as the sun peeps into view."

What is language? Ask the rain.
"I patter on the window pane,
As hail I clatter on the roof
With many a cold and frozen hoof."

What is language? Ask the rill.
"I've talked for ages to the hills
I steal away so very still
To wake things up at old grist mill."

What is language? Ask the storm.
"Men know me by my angry form,
My voice is loud they all must hear.
They may not listen, I sometimes fear."

What is language? Ask the rock,
That long the billows tried to rock.
"I've heard the ocean's loudest roar
I ever stand to guard the shore."

What is language? Ask the deep.
"I have some secrets I would keep
To thoughtful man I'll deign to speak
If he will listen silent, meek."

What is language thou lone peak?
"Let roaring winds around me speak.
My comrades all are now laid low
Time still I fight, my ancient foe."

Oh stars that deck the nightly dome,
Tell us about our far off home.
How oft we listen to your voice
And in our inmost soul rejoice.

THE MEADOW LONG AGO.

'Twas in a meadow long ago
  My baby girl was there,
I whet my scythe where lilies grow
  And cut my swath so fair.

She gathered flowers among the grass,
  And laid them in her arms,
Lest sharpened scythe might cut them down
  And they should suffer harm.

The roses in her cheeks more fair,
  Than all the flowers of June;
But reaper came with sickle sharp
  And mowed my flower too soon.

The angel came who knoweth best
  And took my flower that day;
He laid her spirit in his arms
  And bore her far away.

That heavenly land seems dearer now
  My baby girl is there;
No sickle sharp will mow my flower
  Forever grown more fair.

The song birds sang in bowers that day,
  She played by ripling stream;
She crossed to shore where angels sing
  And fairer flowers are seen.

SONG OF THE OCEAN.

How loud is the roar of the ocean,
  How old is the moan of the deep.
Prone where thy billows break near me,
  Rock me, oh ocean, to sleep.

The charm of thy music I'd know
  Sung to the ages so long,
Rocking thy billows old ocean,
  Sing me to sleep with thy song.

The rocks look down from above me,
  For ages have guarded the deep,
Echo the song waves are singing
  Then guard and rock me to sleep.

Never grow weary, old ocean
  Of surging and roaming the deep?
Of care and toil I'm weary
  Rock me kind ocean to sleep.

Teach me the song thou art singing,
  Soothing and sweet in its flow,
Rock me to sleep on your bosom,
  I'll sleep and dream as I go.

Sing me a song of the future,
  'Twill gladden my heart once more,
Wake in the morning, oh ocean,
  Wake me again with thy roar.

What art thou singing, dear ocean?
Time has no claim upon thee,
Fresh in the morning, dear ocean,
I'd listen and roam by the sea.

Then cease thy moaning, oh ocean,
For ages so long ago,
Add to thy song of the future,
'Twill sweeten thy song I know.

GOD IS WITH US.

A drop of water in the air,
  A little minute sphere,
A song of bird on wing so fair,
  'Tis God I see and hear.

A little flower with downy paint
  Looks up into my eye,
And says to me in voice so faint
  Behold, our God is nigh.

He piled the sand upon the beach,
  He reared the mountains high,
His hand the distant stars doth reach,
  I feel Him ever nigh.

The little pebble in the sand
  Has felt the ocean's roll:
No matter where I sit or stand
  'Tis god rolls through my soul.

I look upon the worlds in space,
  The stars smile in the night;
In them I see His own bright face,
  He holds me with His might.

I backward glance o'er ages past,
  His footsteps there I see;
His hand shall lead me to the last
  Wherever I may be.

I shall not rest within the grave
For He is surely mine;
From deepest trouble He will save,
Tho all the world combine.

I trust Him fully every hour,
Beneath me is His arm;
In Him is all sufficient power
To keep me from all harm.

His peace is like the ocean deep,
Whose bottom is not stirred;
My anchored hopes He'll surely keep,
Since He my voice hath heard.

THE ENGRAFTER.

A man with knife engrafts a tree
With choicest kind of fruit,
While doctors now engraft on men,
A piece of flesh to suit.
The tree will bear a sweeter fruit,
But man is always game,
May graft his limbs from head to foot,
Remains his nature same.

If I should trade my limbs for Jim's
And make an even change,
The feeling in new limbs of mine
Might seem a little strange;
But I would soon get used to them,
Then love them just the same,
And should I stub my index toe
I'd heap on ground the blame.

And should I slip upon a rind
And strain an ankle bone,
I'd wrap it up to ease the pain
And treat it as my own.
If I should swap my arms for Jim's
And get a little boot
I'd grip the difference in my palm
'Till every coin took root.

And should we change from head to foot
'Till people call me Jim,

I'd love new flesh because 'twas mine,
And scarcely think of him.
But did we think of others more,
And sometimes feel their pain
Of near kin we'd be to man
And kindlier feelings gain.

One fist will not the other fight,
One foot the other trip;
Each works and treads in harmony,
Lest hand or foot may slip:
Were men but broader in their thoughts
They'd be to others kind
In welfare of their fellow man
They'd lasting pleasures find.

When men high up the ladder kick
At men who are lower down,
They all may make the ladder tip
And fall in heap to ground.
If men in different walks of life
Shall stop to fight and kill,
The dead will lie and block the road,
And none will climb the hill.

CALIFORNIA.

California, California,
  There's music in thy name;
There's music in the billowy waves
  That break from out the main.
The mountains guard thee on the east,
  O'er which the sun must rise,
The ocean meets thee on the west
  Beneath the boundless skies.

The breezes rocked by ocean deep,
  And caught by mountain sides,
Are tempered from the summer's heat,
  In winters, warmed by tides.
Thy rocky barriers guard from storms,
  That sweep o'er level plains;
They hold the thunder bolt in check,
  And send us gentle rains.

The orange groves raise sweet perfume,
  From blossoms white as snow.
The farmer plows in winter time,
  His fields, he plants and sows.
The golden fruit all times of year
  Hang in the foliage green,
The sun shines on the snowy peaks,
  Whose heads are plainly seen.

The lofty trees on mountain sides;
  The leaping water falls;

The winding streams o'er fertile ground,
To distant peoples call.
The gentle surfs that roll to shore,
Long lines so briny white,
Would tempt the bather on the sands
To swim to heart's delight.

When drifting snows are piling high
Upon our eastern shores,
Here sun is shining warm and clear;
On wings, the songster soars.
The honey bee from flower to flower,
The humming bird on wing,
Wakes sweetest music in the air,
Robs winter of its sting.

California, California,
There's magic in thy name;
Some came to thee through Golden Gate
And some across the plain.
'Twas golden sands that lured us then,
But sunshine holds us now;
We would not leave for other climes,
This is our latest vow.

Then come from every walk of life,
New lease of life you'll gain;
Come through the gate of Panama,
Or come by swiftest train.
Come ships from east, come ships from west,
And meet along thy shore,
And load with fruits of every clime
From thy abundant store.

THE MOCKING BIRDS' NEST.

The mocking bird all night we heard,
Among the arbors near;
A song of joy to mate so coy,
To drive away her fear.

When it was light she came in sight,
With cotton in her bill
Among the vines to deftly twine
A downy nest to fill.

He looked amazed, then at her gazed,
And asked her what she meant,
Then nearer came when learned the game,
And kind assistance lent.

So in he went, more twigs he bent,
She laid the cotton in;
He feathers found and placed around,
She said how good you've been.

She sat in nest its strength to test
Her head above the rim;
She said how nice it will suffice,
And glanced around at him.

She came each day an egg to lay
In their soft downy nest;
'Till she had four, she needs no more,
So she sat down to rest.

From morn till late she nothing ate,
So he drew very night;
He said, "My dear, for you I fear,
Let me your duty try."

So off she flew for well she knew
He'd fit the downy nest.
When morning light dispelled the night
She found he'd done his best.

No night or day he sang his lay
Another duty came;
A living brood now called for food,
To feed them was their aim.

So forth they went on duty bent
And brought their children food;
So well they knew as duties grew
It seemed in them so good.

Above my head their babies fed,
Where hangs the arbor vine;
The nest so low I watched them grow,
I almost felt them mine.

The days drew nigh when young must fly,
Then fear on parents came;
When looking 'round, saw cat on ground,
They'd heard of pussy's game.

So called the cat to hunt a rat,
And when he would not go,
They flew at him with all their vim,
They thought he was too slow.

The babies' wings, important things,
Must now on air be tried;
They raised them high as if to fly
While parents closely eyed.

As courage grew the parents knew
Their young would fly or fall,
Their joy was tense when on the fence
Their birdies came at call.

They flew to tree with greatest glee,
And called their babies thence;
So birdies flew where leaflets grew,
It was more safe than fence.

The parents looked in every nook,
To see where each had gone,
And took them food as well they should,
And saved them every one.

JONAH.

Poor Jonah was a righteous man
  But still he gets the blame
For every thing that goeth wrong
  And this is how it came.

God looked upon proud Ninevah,
  Then chose a piece of clay,
And bade poor Jonah go to king
  And eight short words to say.

Now Jonah's heart began to sink
  He thought what king would say
At gate of grand old Nineveh,
  When Jonah came that way.

So Jonah chose another road,
  He sought the pathless deep,
But Jonah found the Lord was there
  With eyes that never sleep.

He caught a ship about to sail,
  He went and paid his fare,
Then sought a berth in lowest hold
  And hid from God down there.

The Lord watched Jonah there asleep,
  And raised a mighty storm,
And when the ship was out from land
  Each cloud chose angry form.

The men on deck began to cry
Each to his separate God,
But still the ship was tossed on high
And chastened by His rod.

They searched o'er ship to find the cause
Of heaven's anger raised,
They found poor Jonah sound asleep,
At him, they were amazed.

"Awake"! they cried, "beseach thy God,
His wrath to turn away,
How can you sleep in such a storm.
Arise! without delay."

No prayer against that storm prevailed,
So sought to fix the blame,
Each cast his lot into a pot
And Jonah drew the name.

So Jonah told how he had fled
Away from Hebrew's God,
And begged them cast him overboard,
And stay God's chastening rod.

They rowed for shore, but storm grew worse,
No effort would avail,
So tossed poor Jonah overboard,
Now God had sent a whale.

When Jonah sank beneath the wave,
There fell on sea a calm,
So people all sought Jonah's God
Who holds the sea in palm.

There's not a beast that walks alone,
Or fish that swims unseen,
God sees the sparrow when it falls,
To Him there's nothing mean.

When Jonah saw escape was vain
He settled down to prayer,
If God would steer that fish to land
Migh send him anywhere.

The fish dove down in deepest caves,
Till Jonah's face grew pale,
Then turned and left him on the shore,
The last he saw of whale.

Here Jonah saw the warm old sun
And spread his clothes to dry,
Unwrapped the sea weeds round his neck,
And breathed a last deep sigh.

The palace walls of Nineveh
Now rose to Jonah's sight,
He marched straight on through open gate,
Nor looked to left or right.

"Yet forty days and Nineveh
Shall be o'erthrown," he said,
Three days he marched and kept it up,
Then to the desert fled.

The king in sack cloth left his throne,
And ashes o'er him spread,
The people all forsook the streets,
And each for mercy pled.

While Jonah lay in desert place,
And waited forty days,
To see if God would city spare,
Or if they'd mend their ways.

When Jonah saw the city saved,
He raised a storm his own,
And frowned on God of gracious ways
Because of mercy shown.

Now God to Jonah made reply,
"Why grieve that I should spare
My six score thousand little ones
Too young to breathe a prayer."

Now God had grown a spreading gourd
To shade him from the sun,
Yet Jonah's anger would not spare
God's helpless little ones.

This story as a fable told,
By simple minds thought true,
Has moral worth in many parts
A lesson has for you.

THE RIDE IN THE BAGGAGE CAR.

In the eighties when the Burlington run
From Denver to Chicago via Pacific Junction
Leaving Omaha twenty miles to the north
Many came to Denver for health and returned in boxes.

My mind oft reverts to one who is far
And the ride that night in the baggage car
To the wooden box that stood in the aisle
And the face that rose and gave me a smile.

Had Denver's last trunks and stacked them up high
And friends were kissing and saying "goodbye."
When up came a box on the last truck load
"Make room for a stiff," cried the Con. of the road.

They give it a shove for the big side door
We pull it along the aisle on the floor.
Says the gray haired sire with dollar in hand,
Be kind to my child and gentle, dear man.

The curtain of night hung o'er the wide world
As out of the depot the Burlington whirled
And the old brass checks were tingling like bells
The length of the aisle where the shadows fell.

Each check by number I write in my book
The one on the box the last one I took
As the midnight hour already had passed
With the box for a bed I slumber at last.

Now little I dreamed that the one in the box
Well knew me asleep as the long car rocks.
Loud whistle I hear, 'tis the Otis switch
Where we meet "No. One" or go in the ditch.

I greet "No. One" as they pass near by,
Then glance at the box I hardly know why
A lady most fair now rising I see
Have seen her before she beckons to me.

With light in my hand I venture more near
I never was taught a spirit to fear
To see the bright form that slept in the box
Surely most surely I know her brown locks.

The form disappeared from the glare of the light
I read on the box her name "Jessie Wright"
As children at school together we'd played
'Twas I had wandered in foreign lands strayed.

When parting I said "I'll meet you again"
With promise in mind I crossed the wide main
I saw the big world then dropped out of sight
The fortune I chased had taken to flight.

So started anew on a lower plane
My former old friends have sought me in vain
But time has slipped by and now I'm here
"Oh Jessie, my dear, all's blighted by years.

I go, Dear Jessie, to Iowa line
Never again will Ohio be mine
At banks of Old Muddy will bid you goodbye.
To Canaan I'm bound, you're checked for the sky."

The father of Jess, whose locks were so gray
Who gave me the coin my kindness to pay
Came back to the door next morning to see
The great wooden box in the aisle with me.

He did not know me so changed was my cast
Why should I tell him, best bury the past.
Transparent to child was all my disguise
Who saw the big tears that came to my eyes.

"How far do you go? (I saw the old smile)
Then tossed me a dollar which fell in the aisle
"Give it to next one in charge of my babe
And tell him be kind, this little I crave."

Soon to the next one both dollars I gave
Softly departed one glance yet I craved
While watching the train roll swiftly away.
The baggage car dimmed see Jessie for aye.

RALLY TO THE FLAG—WHO ARE ITS FOES?

Rally to the flag, who are its foes?
The men who are cowardly and mean.
Wherever the flag of freedom goes
The true and brave should be seen.

'Tis not the flag of tyrant or slave
The emblem of ruler or creed
'Tis the flag of those whom freedom saved
From the tyrant's oppression and greed.

Only the true may carry our flag,
And then will its glory be bright.
Never will the flag of freedom lag
When borne in the cause of right.

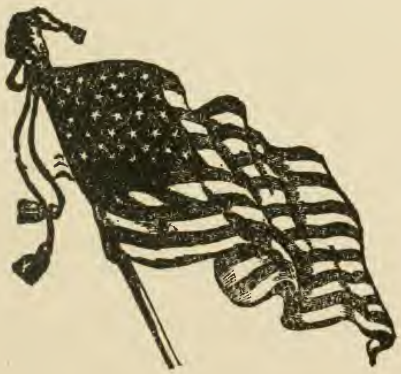
Never it faltered at Bunker Hill
In the dawn of freedom unfurled;
Never it faltered, never stood still,
Each foe from its course has been hurled.

When night overtook it and all was chill,
Sunny southward it took its flight.
Borne by freemen of courage and will
Ready to die in cause of right.

It did not falter on ocean wave
When freemen heard a brother's cry
Our Dewey arose to quickly save
With speed of wing and eagle eye.

Why should it falter at Rio Grande
Where crime and oppression are sown;
Humanity cries for a helping hand
Like the cry of the bondsman's moan.

We must be true to save our flag,
Our banner no better than we
Now letting its colors trail and drag
How long? not long! can we be free.



A PRAYER.

I come to Thee as best I know,
I've never heard Thy voice,
Save in my inmost soul I've heard
Thou bade by heart rejoice.

I come to Thee as best I know,
I've never seen Thy face;
On every hand I see Thy works
That seem Thy smile to trace.

I come to Thee as best I know,
I've never seen Thy home;
Thy curtains hang in evening sky,
Thou art where e'er I roam.

I come to Thee as best I know,
I've often felt Thy love;
From whence I came I knoweth not,
Thou art beneath, above.

I come to Thee as best I know,
My weakness oft I feel;
But Thou art strong, I shall not fall,
Impart new strength, new zeal.

I come to Thee as best I know,
My eyes are blind to see;
But Thou wilt shine into my heart,
Reveal Thyself to me.

I come to Thee as father, friend,
As all of life to me;
Where could I find another friend
Who will endure like Thee.

'Tho body fails, my soul survives,
Immortal part is Thine;
I cannot die while Thou doth live,
My Father ever mine.

I come to Thee as best I know,
The sky is overcast;
May sorrow bide but for a day,
The clouds will soon have passed.

I come to Thee as best I know,
Help me to understand,
How near Thou art in time of need,
Lend Thou a helping hand.

I come to Thee as best I know,
The morn and flowers all new;
May every though of mine be clean
And pure as morning dew.

I come to Thee as best I know
The air and sunshine free;
Remove all narrow, selfish thoughts
And make me broad like Thee.

ALL CONQUESTS FAIL.

The word went out o'er all the earth,
"All men must bow to Rome."
The ages laughed with cynic mirth,
As bubble burst in foam.

Command went forth to conquer world
For Christ the Prince of Peace;
And nations listened to His heralds
Who promised wars should cease.

The greatest wars our world has known
Have made their words a joke.
The seed of peace the church has sown
By thorns have all been choked.

When science took a hand she said
That she would conquer all;
When men were learned, and wise, and read,
Then barriers all would fall.

She built up barriers unforseen,
They rise to modern eyes;
From hidden depths the submarine
Now takes most ghastly prize!

The demons driven from the world,
The pirates from the sea,
Come back with fire of hell to hurl
From sky, on land and sea.

Christ sought to conquer with His love;
Man's heart is selfish yet.
If He looks down from Heaven above,
It is with deep regret.

The air above, and depths beneath,
Are ready now to fight;
Shall man again the sword unsheath
And say that might is right?

'Twas thought that reason would prevail
To settle all disputes;
For force is blind, leaves bloody trail,
When voice of reason's mute.

God speaks from Heaven, "Disarm! Disarm!
Let love and friendship reign."
Another voice that spreads alarm
Bursts forth from out the Main.

THE HOME OF OUT OF DOORS.

You may boast of your mansions of marble and stone,
With gables and roof and high towering dome,
But my home out of doors 'neath the far reaching sky,
With stars in the evening to deck it on high,
Is grander by far—give me the out door
With the sky for a roof and the earth for a floor.

You may point to your ceilings, your stairs, and your halls,
The paintings of masters that hang on the walls,
But the curtains of morning, green earth 'neath my feet,
By the ocean, and mountains that rise from the deep,
Is grander by far, give me the out door
With the sky for a roof and the earth for a floor.

You may go to your churches and kneel at their shrines,
Through the smoke of the incense view the divine,
But the temple of Gid rises over my head,
By the light streaming down, toward Heaven I'm led;
Oh, the temple of God that has stood evermore,
Is grander by far—oh give me the out door.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

Cast out what e'er thou seeth wrong,
And make me Lord like Thee,
And then Thou'lt come into my heart,
And there abide with me.

This selfish nature take away
That I may love mankind;
I am impoverished in myself,
I would like Thee be kind.

What are the riches of this world,
What is its glittering show?
Unless my heart is full of love
Thyself I can not know.

Enlarge my heart that I may feel
An interest in each man,
And then how sweet 'twill be for me
To help each one I can.

How sordid is each thing I have
Unless it is from Thee;
There is a canker in each joy
That flows alone to me.

RIDDLE OF THE AGES.

It was the month September
When Cairo came in view
With all her towers and steeples
The sight to us was new.
We'd come across the desert
'Long paths the camels tramp,
Had seen the wild Bedouins
With tents and herds in camp.

We'd seen the roving Arabs
With natures yet unchanged,
The lion and the leopard
Refusing to be tamed:
But now arose before us
The pyramids of old,
With heads above the ages
Of any history told.

Ere Joseph ruled in Egypt
These pyramids have stood,
Or Abram brought his Sarah
Down here to get some food;
Ere Babylon had fallen,
Or Medo-Persia rose,
Or Alexander conquered,
Darius and his foes.

On summit we were standing
When sun o'er valley rose;

These dozen Arabs helped us,
And now before us pose;
They bow their heads toward Mecca
A thousand miles away,
And prostrate on this summit
In unknown tongues they pray.

Good subjects of Mohammed,
They have their hour of prayer,
They always pray at sunrise
No matter where they are.
Now rising sun o'er valley,
Lit up the minarets
Of three hundred Mosques in Cairo
'Neath which the faithful met.

Since Jesus left for glory
Rejected by the Jew,
Five hundred years thereafter
Mohammed rose to view;
Like Christ he was unlettered,
His parents little known,
In deserts of Arabia
No books he ever owned.

He heard some ancient legends
Yet floating in the air,
He lived alone in secret,
And spent much time in prayer,
He had no way of writing
But kept God's word in mind,
He told these words to others,
None seemed to take it kind.

Mid persecutions many
He preached the God he knew,
He never grew discouraged,
He kept a Heavenly view.
When others hearkened to him,
He chose apostles twelve,
By them his words transmitted,
Now millions in them delve.

'Tis said his words have grandeur,—
Have gained adherents sure,
And lifted up the masses
From idols most impure.
These people long in darkness
Caught sight of heavenly light,
May not have been the brightest
To them it seemed the right.

Twelve worshipers before us,
Three hundred Mosques in view,
Remind us of dominion
Now vast tho somewhat new.
These people less enlightened
Than Christian nations are,
Already are as numerous,
And spend more time in prayer.

I wish to lift the curtain
Of many ages far,
And show the night and morning,
And dawn of Bethlehem's star;
I wish to show deception
In far off Jacob's seed,

And point to conflicts bloody
That turned to wars of creed.

Now Jacob tricked his brother
Of his own sacred right,
Became the heir of promise,
So Esau showeth fight,
Then Jacob fled to uncle
And went to herding sheep,
And hid away from brother
His birthright thus to keep.

When Esau came to father
And found his birthright gone,
He pled through tears of sorrow
"Give me some blessing one."
Quoth sire "Thy brother's master,
My promise can't be broke,
When thy dominion riseth
Thy sword shall break his yoke."

He also sought an uncle,
One Sarah had disowned,
A daughter of Ishmael married
Whose seed as exiles roamed.
Mohammed rose as promised
And broke his brother's yoke,
For his dominion cometh
Of which his father spoke.

In early years the promise
To Jacob was fulfilled,
The Bethlehem Babe in manger

Earth's warring nations stilled,
His kingdom rose like magic
Foretold to fill the earth,
But rival kingdom riseth,
Through Esau had its birth.

Slain by the Jewish people
Christ rose, as king in light,
The followers of Mohammed
His kingdom claimed by might.
The child with birthplace Mecca
Holds sway in Bethlehem,
By many wars obtained it,
Still held by Esau's men.

The natural seed of Jacob
Wide scattered long has been,
His birthright taken from him
Restored to Esau's men.
And Esau freed from bondage,
Who was the rightful heir,
Comes forth with sword to conquer,
And claim dominion fair.

The natural seed of Jacob
Down trodden o'er the earth;
The seed through faith are warring,
Have lost their heavenly birth;
While Prince of Peace ascended
Looks down on warring race,
His ensign peace all shattered,
Scarce fragment left in place.

Now since the days of Abram
This pyramid has stood,
A witness of these rivals
So little understood
We Gentiles once engrafted
By faith, on Esau's foe
Now watch these sons of Esau
To Allah bending low.

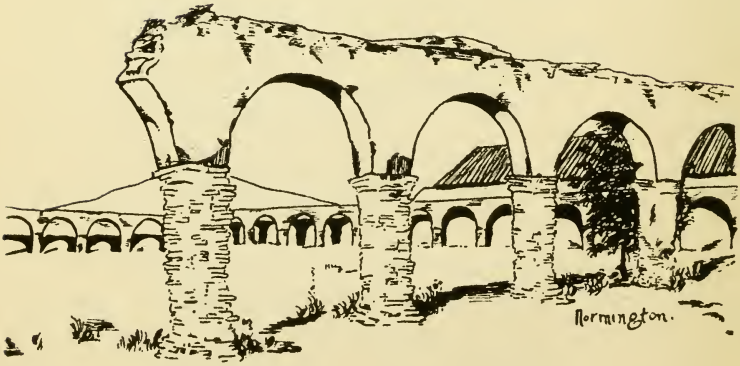
Both Christians and Mohammeds
Their father Abram own,
But will not mix or mingle
Because of hatred sown.
Both have one God and father,
One looks to Jacob's seed,
The other to Mohammed
To teach them and to lead.

Most reverent are Mohammeds
To God they bow their heads,
Their sandals each removing
With silent steps they tread;
On floor, in seated posture
Long hours they sit and read
Their sacred book, the Koran,
Upon its truths they feed.

They read of one called Allah,
We speak of him as God;
There are no walls between us
When we rest neath the sod.

But here we stand on summit
Of pyramid of old,
And look around about us,
See names in letters bold;
Carved deep in rocks around us
Are names we'd often heard,
The name Mark Twain is graven
Home memories now are stirred.

The Arabs now are waiting
To carry us away,
To catacombs and caverns
Where ancient Egypt lay.
So down these steps we hasten
Where once were busy hands,
Each rock in place were putting,
We'll see them neath the sand.



VESUVIUS.

This poem Vesuvius is written describing what the author saw on his visit to Naples and Vesuvius years ago. It was a Sunday morning. We first went to the cathedral. The bishop in his costly robes with his attendants were going through the ceremony of restoring the solidified blood of Saint Jannarius into warm life blood. This is done by bringing the bottles containing the solidified blood near the head of this martyr, which they have in a casket. This ceremony is performed three times a year, and the ceremonies occupy eight days. The first day of the ceremony it requires a long time for this blood to become fresh, but each day is easier and requires less time. While this miracle is being wrought they don't neglect the collections.

We'd sailed the broad Pacific
And seen fair Ceylons Isle,
Climbed the pyramids of old
And gazed far up the Nile;

We'd seen so much of ancient
Were hunting something new,
We sailed the Mediterranean
'Till 'Suvius came in view.

It was the early morning
When stars had dimmed to few,
But lights were still all shining
When Naples came in view,

And shore lines of the city
Reflected in the bay,
And fire of old Vesuvius
Shone brightly o'er the way.

There is no bay more charming
In this old world of ours,
With 'Suvius in the distance
Behind the temple towers.

It was a Sunday morning
Our feet had touched the shore,
We followed with the masses
Who sought the temple doors.

The image of Confucius
We'd seen in China towns,
But here were saints in marble
Of quite as much renown.

A priest held out a bottle
With blood of martyr slain
The people pressed to kiss it
With all their might and main.

This saint who was beheaded
Some thousand years ago,
Now soul with wings in glory,
His blood they freely show,

His head they have in casket,
And now the finance low
They show the cask and bottle
To make the money flow.

We left the priests in temple,
Passed beggars on the street,
We hurried off to shelter,
More beggars still we meet;

We toss a coin among them,
A dozen jump for same,
We stop to toss another,
A score more beggars came.

Some girls with flowers now meet us,
Adorn our coat lapel,
Then freely beg us buy them,
They pinned them there to sell.

Every one would bleed us,
The fleas were nipping, too,
We shook the dust from off us,
Then sped away from view.

Now early Monday morning
We hasten off for cone
Of world renowned Vesuvius
In thousand pictures shown.

We each keep seat in carriage
As far as safe to ride,
Then single file on horseback
Each follow after guide.

We meet hot streams of lava,
We let them have the road,
They keep right on through orchards
And over fences flowed;

When way grows steep for horses
We march along afoot
And step in coolest places
Make haste lest feet should cook.

Each grasped a pole to help him
Ascend the steepest climb
For should one drop in chasm,
He'd reach another clime.

We passed above the lava,
Ascend the last steep rim,
And when we sit on summit
We each are tired of limb.

We glance across the chasm,
Then down three hundred feet,
Where lava boils and bubbles
And seeks some crevice leak;

But when the demons 'neath us
Stir up the fires too hot,
This cauldron boils all over,
No lid upon the pot.

As here we sit in triumph
Four thousand feet in air,
We think of all the thousands
Beneath us buried there.

Below us once were cities
Two thousand years ago,
Adorned in Roman beauty,
Now neath the lavas flow.

We hasten back to Naples
To take an early start
To view these proud old cities,
The home of ancient art;

No chisel of the present
Can carve like them in stone,
So close and true to Nature
As in their statues shown.

Choice works of art and beauty
Deep hid beneath the ground,
These cities long forgotten
By accident were found;

A peasant in a vineyard
Was digging for a well,
He struck a palace costly
Where silent inmates dwell.

So early Tuesday morning
We pass from light of day
Into a buried city
That once was blithe and gay.

First we visit theater,
But actors where are they?
These empty seats, three thousand,
There's no one hears the play.

We listen for their footsteps
And rustle of their gowns,
Their homes are all about us,
Why don't they come around?

In fancy see their faces,
Their forms upon the floor,
Since Peter left for glory
Their steps come here no more.

The homes of all these people
Adorned with treasures rare,
Now robbed of all their relics,
Are desolate and bare;

Long galleries in Naples
Display their works of art,
And many other cities
Have now obtained a part.

We hear the roar of travel
On streets above our heads,
A hundred feet above us
The modern living tread;

Goodby old Herculeaneum,
Must leave you here to stay,
Through gate of sister city
We enter old Pompeii.

Here streets once under ashes
And houses buried deep,
Have now been cleared of rubbish,
In all their homes we peep;

Above their doors kind "welcome"'
Remains to meet our eye,
Tho inmates long departed
Their footsteps seemeth nigh.

A dining room we enter
Their bread is on the plate,
But inmates all had hastened,
This meal they never ate;

But floors in bright mosaic
And pictures on the wall
In colors rare and fadeless
Remain to welcome all.

An open court we enter,
In center is a well,
The curbing stone is furrowed,
Long years of drawing tell;

We look for door to open,
Fair maiden come to well,
The doors of rooms all face us
But no one in them dwell.

We follow guide in cellar
Which round the court extends,
Here inmates had sought shelter,
And here their journey ends;

Their leaning forms left shadows
Still seen on cellar walls,
The form of child by mother
Was only half so tall.

The name of ring on finger
Revealed the mother's name,
The one who stood beside her
Had sealed their vows with same;

The maid who drew the water
Had left her shadow, too,
Here all had stood for ages
Neath ashes hid from view.

Along the streets of city
We pass from home to home,
And look into the dwellings
Of people from old Rome

Who came to pass the summer
And bathe along the beach,
'Till waves of old Vesuvius
Their habitations reached.

We lightly tread the paving
Where walked the lords of Rome,
We saw where deep in pavements
Their footsteps long had worn;

Deep gutters in the paving
Showed where the wagons run,
Repairing badly needed,
Put off, was never done.

As last respects to city
We visit old graveyard,
We read the dates of burial,
None since the gates were barred;

The roar of old Vesuvius
Ne'er waked these sleepers, dead,
Returning steps of loved ones
Ne'er tread above their heads.

Apostle Paul was sailing
A prisoner in this bay,
They led him from Vesuvius
Along the Apian way;

In Roman cell they leave him,
From there he speaks today,
And angry old Vesusivus
Had something then to say.

We leave through gate of city
Where tourists come and go,
'Neath frowning old Vesuvius
Which often belches so;

But men forget her warning
And build their homes near by,
The land about is fertile,
And here they live—and die.

THE SNAIL AND THE BIRD.

One back takes on a coat of shell
And covers it with care,
The back of bird takes pair of wings
To carry it in air.

The shell of snail no feeling has
Yet guards a tender life,
The quills of bird are filled with air
And meets the air in strife.

A MIRROR OF AGES.

Backward, way backward long ages I stroll
In the Sacred Old City I stand.
The "wolf in sheep's clothing" has taken his toll,
Killed the "good shepherd" and scattered his band.

To the temple so bright in the light of the sun,
The priests and the throngs are wending their way;
On the barren hillside by mortals now shun,
Three crosses still stand this high Sabbath Day.

The soldiers in Rome are parading the street,
Trampling in dust God's heavenly dower,
'Tis Peter now cringing they sneeringly greet,
Denying his Lord in this crucial hour.

But Rome in her glory has crumbled away,
The Christ in the tomb has risen to power,
The robes of the "wolf" form Peter's array,
The crosses in Rome reared high on her towers.

St. Peter in marble here 'neath the great dome
To the saints of all lands presents his great toe,
So faithful they kiss when they see him in Rome
Their kisses have worn it 'till he's little to show.

MUMMY HEAD.

Pyramids we had climed,
Catacombs next we find
  Walking in 'neath the sand
  'Mid the dead live we stand.
Startled bats see our light,
Leave their haunts in their flight.

Mummy hunt brought us here,
Mummies gone seems so queer,
  Ground to dust so they say,
  Sown on fields far away.
Growing sugar in the beet
Every day mummy eat.

Mummy togs left behind,
And old coins now we find,
  Mummy dust now we tread,
  'Neath some rags find a head.
Searching more find a hand
Rescue these from the sand.

Mummy dust now we eat,
See it rise from our feet.
  Mummy dust in our eye,
  How this dust makes us cry.
Mummy dust now we breathe,
Mummy dust now we sneeze,
  Have a palm in my hand,
  On some soul now I stand.

Mummy dust in our ear,
Wailing dead seem to hear.
"Out this way" some one cried,
Followed out, 'twas our guide,
From the rocks 'neath the sand,
Marched straight out on the land.

Donkeys mount off we hike
O'er the flat on a dike,
Groves of palms, cotton fields,
Fruits and dates now they yield.
Cotton bowls white as snow
Burst their shells as we go.

Packed each prize in our grip,
Home we start, end our trip,
Pushed by steam o'er the main,
Native land sight again,
Touched our feet on the land
Home again from the sand.

Mummy hand first we show,
Cotton next white as snow,
Then the coins and the skull.
Coins were old, head looked dull,
Trophies ranged on a shelf,
Time and dust dimmed our pelf.

On the shelf crept a mouse,
In the skull built a house.
Went to work raised a brood,
Kept it up mousy mood.

Cotton soft from the Nile,
Babies bed all the while.

With a cane walking in
Smashed the face and the chin.
  Into dust beat the skull
  Mixing mice, cotton, hull,
Products grown by the Nile
Swept by brush in a pile.

Dumped in yard round the flowers,
Washed in earth by the showers,
  Seen again in the dews,
  Blooming flowers brightened hues,
From his grave he is raised,
Sun o're earth should be praised.

Borne by kin 'neath the sand,
Eyelids closed by some hand,
  Waiting for Heaven's morn,
  This is how he is born;
This is how he is raised,
Egypt's sun came his ways.

THE KING OF JEWS.

They spread their garments in the way,
And hailed Him as their king;
Deliverer from the Roman yoke
Hosannas loud they sing.

"The promised king so long foretold
To Abraham and his seed,
Whose sway should be o'er all the earth
Be thou our king we plead."

Enraged, the priests arraigned the Christ
Before the bar of Rome,
So Pilot asked "Art thou a king?"
Christ said "I have my throne,"

And Pilot wrote above His head
"This is the king of Jews,"
And Jew to Pilot said same day
"We have no king but you."

And thief beside Him on the cross
A place in kingdom asked;
Received the promise it should be
Before the day had past.

THE LAKE OF GENESARET.

I have no harp but I will sing
The notes that come to me,
I have no gems but I will string
My pearls from sky and sea.

My pen is blunt to point a thought,
No brush to lend me charms,
I gaze on bosom of the lake
Neath folded snow white arms.

I long to rest upon the wave
And kiss each rippling smile,
Whose bosom has ten thousand charms
That doth my soul beguile.

The liquid air sleeps on her form
And not a ruffle lends,
The smiling sun throws back a kiss
That with her blushes blends.

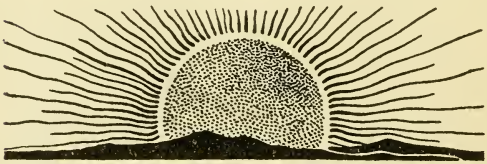
The bright eyed stars peek all the night
Tho moon hangs silvery screens
Till morn appears with robes of light
And wakes her from her dreams.

The lights that deck her liquid form
Were woven far away
They borrow colors dyed by sun
These garments light as spray.

These robes tho trailed from out the sky
No storm can lift a fold,
In sheen they drape both hill and lake
These garments never old.

'Twas by this lake that Jesus walked,
Of sky His thoughts were filled,
He grasped the pleading arms of Lake
Her troubled spirit stilled.

Since Jesus walked her peaceful shore,
Days, months, and years have sped,
She sleeps and wakes as days of yore
Still listens for His tread.



TO THE UNKNOWN HERO.

Every deed of great renown,
And every conquest bold,
In song has found a tongue,
In verse and rhyme been told.

While many as brave a deed,
And many a kindlier act,
In the ear of fame unsung
Is buried with the fact.

JACOB.

Young Jacob was as shrewd a man
As ever struck a trade;
Se swapped poor Esau out of rights
That were in Heaven made.

As elder son young Esau stood
In line as promised heir;
Of Abram's seed because of faith,
This Jacob got unfair.

He bought it with some flavored broth
When Esau felt its need;
He had his eye on richer feast
Long promised Abram's seed.

Now Isaac's end was drawing near.
His eyes had failed of sight;
So Jacob feigned he was Esau,
We find it worked all right.

When Esau came to get his share
Which Heaven had in store,
The aged Isaac wept with grief
For Jacob left through door.

Deceptive lips had father kissed,
False hands had brought him broth,
Satanic lies had blessing won,
And all at Esau's cost.

Though Isaac learned how trick was wrought,
Though anguish was extreme,
The words must stand to Jacob spoke,
For fate was back of scene.

For mother knew of Esau's fate,
Before the twins saw light,
Revealed to her by Lord on high,
She tripped up Isaac right.

Her hands on Jacob placed the coat,
That felt like Esau's hair;
Rebecca pushed him on in game,
Made Jacob elder heir.

So Esau must to Jacob bow,
His seed his servants be,
Because poor Isaac's eyes were blind
Too blind to Jacob see.

Thus fate of nation, down each age,
Was changed by this false deed;
And Heaven above, unerring power
Long helped this Jewish seed.

Now Esau vowed he'd slay the heir,
So Jacob fled in fear;
First night he saw a ladder high,
From top God spoke most clear.

He made a promise to the Lord
It was in shape of trade;
One-tenth he'd give to God most High
Of all to him He gave.

He came to Labon for a wife,
His uncle matched his trick;
Gave Leah him for Rachael dear,
And made deception stick.

But Jacob got a good long start,
While herding Labon's sheep;
He peeled the poles in bars and stripes
Ringed speckled lambs he keeps.

The Lord helped Jacob in this game
So Jacob freely claimed,
It worked all right, at least we learn
By all the sheep he gained.

A Jew, a Jew, wherever found,
He's always at his trade;
To make a bargain good for Jew
His living thus is made.

The lips that kissed his father's cheek,
Were black with falsehood stained;
The blessing of his father sought
As story runs he gained.

The blessing long as time endures,
And wide as nations dwell,
Like manna from the lips of sire,
On this deceiver fell.

Those blessings promised worldly power,
For heir an endless reign;
The kingly reign as promised Jew
Has turned to Gentile's gain.

The rightful heir by Jew was slain,
The Gentile sought his reign;
So Jew was left without a king,
Their king the Gentiles claim.

So blessings all have been reversed,
And into curses turned;
Wherever Jew on earth is found,
Is for deception spurned.

He traded for a birthright fair,
This by deception gained;
The Gentile now by blood the heir
Because the Jew is stained.

The nations' gates he should possess,
Oft closed against the race;
He wanders up and down the earth,
No settled biding place.

AN INNER LIGHT.

The sun that shines all day in sky
Is not the only light,
When all is dark I close my eyes
And see a world more bright.

A CHILDLESS HOME.

I ne'er had gathered flowers that day
And roamed where Pa was making hay,
  Had Father been a city dude,
  Alluring paths of sin pursued.

Had Mother wore her silks and furls
And sought the dance with charming whirl,
  I ne'er had sat on Mother's knee
  And heard the song she hummed to me.

Had parents loved sweet pleasure more,
And lightly prized rich Heaven's store,
  I ne'er had seen my parent's face,
  Nor felt a Mother's warm embrace.

I ne'er had known a Mother's love,
Or heard her plea to God above,
  Her warm deep breast a frozen lake,
  In her fond arms no baby waked.

I ne'er had known a Father's care,
Or in life's blessings found a share,
  My parents' home no home for me
  If death had been their dark decree.

In such a home
No coming father meets his child,
No tottering babe looks up and smiles;
  No mother meets him at the door,
  A selfish woman, nothing more.

No babe to dandle on his knee,
With childish ways and happy glee.
He listens to his wife's complaint
While on her face he views the paint.

'Tho home is warm his soul is chill
'Tho cushions soft they fit him ill,
'Tho music sweet has empty sound,
Tho' viands rich no relish found.

They pleasure plan, would go to ball
Says wife, "I have no dress at all."
They freeze each other with their looks,
Then talk divorce and balance books.

Each charge the other lack of love,
The hand they gave an empty glove.
The charms of each are ashes now,
The smile has left a scowl on brow.

Sorrow and grief is all they reap,
From pleasure's seed the chaff they keep.
Their souls are stained, they pay in pain,
The bitter cup they now must drain.

The end of life they meet with fears,
And oft regrets with bitter tears,
No children bid them last goodbye,
And none to meet them in the sky.

THE SIGHT OF GOD.

Saw you the light on yonder peak,
That caught the morning sun;
Saw you the smile on human cheek
When God in face has shone?

Saw you the rivers run from hills
When rain has on them fell;
Saw you the tears that eyes have filled,
When lips God's raptures tell?

Saw you the ice in rivers melt
When summer's sun is near;
Know you the joy the heart has felt
When love has cast out fear?

Know you the source of love divine
That flows in human heart;
Has not that stream yet flowed to thine
Till God filled every part?

Love God with all thy heart and mind,
And neighbor as thyself;
Command becomes thy richest find
Including God himself?

Without Him you are poor indeed,
Your heart is barren ice;
In which is sown no goodly seed,
Can you afford the price?

INSPIRATION.

Not what I learned from books,
  Not what the teacher said,
'Twas what I learned from brooks
  And from the leaves o'er head.

Not from the prophets old
  Or from the words of sage,
No mortal to me told
  I read from Nature's page,

I read it in the sky,
  I read it in the morn,
I knew these would not lie,
  Of God the sky is born.

I listened to the breeze
  And to the song of birds,
God moved among the trees
  And every leaf that stirred;

God spoke to me in light,
  He spoke to me in cloud,
He spoke to me at night
  When thunders roared so loud.

GALILEE

Every place Thy feet have trod
Every sod of Galilee,
  Seems sacred ground divinely blest;
  All nature heard Thy sweet behest.

Every village where Thou passed
Fame will last tho passed from sight;
  A thousand charms we ever see
  Where'er Thou walked in Galilee.

E'en the well where Thou didst rest,
Ever blest where all may drink;
  Sacred the mountain by the sea,
  Because Thou taught on Galilee.

Desert waste sees living bread,
Bread of life Thy fingers break;
  Mid darkest night 'cross troubled sea
  Thy feet approach, on Galilee.

Every field grows heavenly grain,
Richer gain than earth can yield;
  Men left their nets to follow Thee
  Across the fields of Galilee.

Bethlehem's shades have lost their night,
Bursts a light from Lazarus' grave,
  When Mary, Martha, Jesus see,
  Who haste their way from Galilee.

Weary toiling thru the night
Morning light finds Jesus near;
On wings of light above the sea
He left behind, dear Galilee.

LINCOLN.

Rejected was Saul because of the spoils
Because of the spoils found in his camps.
So is the man when in office he soils,
His honor he soils, with the money of scamps.

"Look not on the stature of Jessie's sons"
God told Samuel His Prophet of old:
All were rejected but the toiling one;
David was called from tending the fold.

And so it is oft' the one men despise
Is sought of God in time of great need:

For those who are mean in haughty men's eyes
In eyes of God may be cleanest of greed.

When God wished a man our affairs to guide
To guide this nation in terrible storm,
He passed each mansion a log cabin spied
Chose a Lincoln ungainly of form.

It takes rugged morals to do God's work,
A mind and a vision single in aim,
One in whose veins no deception may lurk.
Such was the man God called to reign.

Have we a Lincoln courageous and brave
To stand in the breach dividing our land;
Nothing but wisdom and firmness will save,
Laws will not save in a weakling's hand.

ECHOES OF HIS VOICE.

Not one word Christ ever spoke
Was written down while here,
His words are echoes of His voice,
The after ages hear.

GOOD OLD DAYS ARE GONE.

Those good old days where have they gone
When man to man was kind?
They all have flown and left us none
Like birds to sunny clime.
Once neighbor met us at the gate,
And put our team in barn,
A welcome guest we dinner ate,
Then, listened to some yarn.

And when we left 'twas hard to part,
And we "must come again";
We're sure the words came from the heart
As we drew up the rein.
When neighbor passed us on the road,
He offered us a ride;
He never had too big a load
Such kindness now has died.

For now he has a faster speed
As hums his auto wheels,
Like every one he tries to lead
No old time kindness feels;
Too big a hurry now to stop,
His wheat has got the rust,
He fears the weeds will take the crop,
He leaves us in the dust.

KNOW NOT ALL THAT JESUS TAUGHT.

We know not all that Jesus taught,
For naught was written down,
And some things that He never thought
Filled mouths of those around;
And scheming monks and zealous priests
Mixed up the words He spoke,
It grew like leaven in the yeast
To suit the taste of folks.

From lip to lip and mouth to mouth,
These words came down the age,
His thoughts were in new language couched
Till fixed on written page;
Few words we know for certain sure
What Jesus really said.
He taught some truths that were most pure
That o'er the earth has spread.

It seems He did not talk on Mount
'Bout blood to wash the race,
He said you must not interest count
Let kindness have a place.
Redeeming blood sounds very good
To those who cling to sin,
It is their balm to conscience sooth
When truth strikes deep within.

OUR TEACHER WHO TAUGHT CHRIST.

'Twas Christ who taught in Galilee—
Who was His teacher then?
Where did He learn the truths sublime
That stirred the hearts of men?

He was a man of humble birth,
His town despised of men,
He did not learn in college walls,
Who was His teacher then?

He was not taught by learned scribe
Or praying Pharisee;
He learned from God who made the sky
And stretched it o'er the sea.

And that is why His truths were new,
No musty smell of books.
They had perfume from flower and rose
That grew by running brook.

They were illumed with heavenly light,
And not by tapers dim;
They came direct from God above
That's why they tell of Him.

If He'd been taught by Pharisee
Befogged His mind had been,
He would have seen through other eyes
And thus His vision dimmed.

We have our schools at present day,
That turn out different brands;
A Catholic or Protestant
Whate'er the time demands.

They take the same old Holy Book,
And prove whate'er they please;
And make disciples of their creeds,
'Tis done with greatest ease.

We have same teacher now at hand
Taught Christ in Galilee,
We need not learn at second hand
He will our teacher be.

HUNGER CAUSE OF GREED.

Those little lambs are innocent
Their souls like snowy fleece,
But when the feed is very scant
Their scramblings then increase.

And that is not from inborn sin—
But all from lack of feed,
They each now craves what other has
Their lack now causes greed.

The man of plenty he is cause
Of many poor man's care—
He gathers everything in reach
And leaves the grazing bare.

CHILD-HOOD HOME IN HOOSIER SWAMPS.

The home of my childhood was built of hewn logs
Cut from the trees that grew all around,
The orchard and meadow surrounded by bogs
The fences all made from clearing the ground;
On a bench by the well summer evenings were spent
While shadows were gathering in the tree tops tall,
Songsters all day to their branches were sent
Now silently wait the whippoorwill's call.

Chorus.

In the evening still calls the whippoorwill,
Then the owl says, "Who" and repeats it to "You,"
How it tickles the frogs that sing in the bogs,
All life out of sight makes merry all night,
While crickets in thickets swell anthem to dew.

The gate to the orchard led out from the yard,
The lane wound past in front of the house
To the creek and the bridge but a few hundred yards
Where the geese followed gander to swim and to browse;
So thither I wandered a bearheaded child
To watch the bright fish swim past in the creek,

But the gander flew at me and chased me so wild
I followed him back with a great big stick.

Chorus.

In chasing the gander I found his gray partner
Concealed in the willows there sitting on nest,
'Twas plain why he bit me and followed close after
Putting my courage so strangely to test.
Each spring time my father here washed his sheep white,
And our parson came here his flock to baptize,
He led them so meekly and dipped them from sight
Till white as pure saints the blackest sheep rise.

Chorus.

In a grave by the creek my grandfather lay,
While far down the stream the lone panther cries,
But I am living alone in memory today
For all who knew me have gone to the skies.
I am waiting to hear the "whippoorwill's" call,
I am waiting to hear the owl say "Who,"
I am waiting again to meet with them all
If St. Peter at gate will let me thru.

BEWILDERED.

The man of seventy is ten times made
If the changes we hear of are true,
Which body take when from death he awakes,
Which one will he choose for new?

INTERNAL DANGERS.

No foreign foe we need to fear
  While we are strong within,
Internal strife brings trouble near,
  Invites some foe step in.

No foes need cross the ocean wide
  To decimate our land,
When we have foes to fight inside
  And crime on every hand.

The giddy head that pleasure seeks,
  The feet that walk toward crime,
The hand that's raised against the weak,
  Too soon will ruin find.

The moral fiber's what we need
  Much more than arms and men,
Destruction comes with greatest speed
  When strife our land doth rend.

Each crime's a blow at Nation's life
  As sure as traitor's gun,
When theft and murder here are rife
  Death's struggle has begun.

NOT THE BUCKET BUT THE BOY.

Not the moss covered bucket as a treasure I hail,
But the pair of bright eyes that peered in the pail,
Not the pure sparkling water that dripped from the rim,
But the rosy pair of lips that sipped from the brim,
Not the iron bound bucket but the bare footed boy
Who quaffed at the well is the source of my joy.
Oh the bare-footed boy with a leap and a bound
No hat on his head his feet on the ground.

The path thru the orchard from infancy knew,
The trees where the reddest and rarest fruit grew,
From the deep tangled wildwood he peered at the mill,
And heard the wild cataract that never is still,
Till he climed on the rock where the cataract fell,
And fished from the bridge 'bove the foam and the swell.
Oh the bare-footed boy with a leap and a bound
He loves the out door, the cataract's sound.

Not the path to the well but the one to the brook,
Suits the bare footed boy when shoes are forsook,
With pockets all empty seeking pebbles to fill,
He wades where they sparkle in the swift rippling rill;

When his pockets are bulging with brightest red keel,
More rich than a Gould he surely doth feel.
Oh the bare-footed boy with a leap and a bound
No hat on his head he saunters around.

With hands on his treasures he marches to fence,
To try his bright colors that appeal to his sense,
Then the cot of his father is embellished with keel,
Then the dairy house nigh it to this artist appeals—
Not the proud strutting gobbler with conceit to the brim
Could call his attention to the colors on him.
Oh the bare-footed boy with a leap and a bound
He owns the plantation and the regions around.

The wood and the creek more sought than the field,
The wide spreading stream more pleasure did yield;
From his father's plantation he sought the wide world
With a well in his heart ambition had stirred;
Wherever he journeys he drinks from this well
And thinks of plantation where his parents doth dwell.
Oh the bare-footed boy with a leap and a bound
Will find the out door and the world adound.

WHO IS A MURDERER?

Man is a murderer filled with his prey
  Each time he kills and eats,
  Sure as the cat that kill the rat
And eats it in her way.

May blame the man don't blame the cat,
  Hunger compelled her deed;
  You rub her fur she'll surely purr,
Feed man and he will chat.

Man seeking blood on battle field,
  Mosquito on your face,
  Shows one will fight for greed or spite.
Both seek the blood you yield.

But God of Heaven to each is kind
  Is kind to big and small;
  To tiny things He giveth wings
That all may pleasure find.

In spirit man is often kind
  For spirit is from God;
  And man may love like God above
When he has Godly mind.

E'en flesh shows signs of better things,
  Some mouths don't feed on meat,
  Some men of might don't live to fight,
Some bees have lost their stings.

NUT GATHERING IN IOWA.

The silent frost had nipped the corn,
But bright was this September morn,
The forest leaves were sifting down
The prairie grass was turning brown.

Three little children on the farm,
With three little pails on brown arms,
Thirty brown toes on six bare feet
Were off for nuts the squirrels to beat.

Two little boys nine and 'leven,
Little sister just past seven
The beckoning woods was mile away
Past where father was making hay.

The winding path led down the hill
Between steep slopes where met two rills,
The hazelnuts were turning brown,
The hick'rynuts were dropping down.

Their nimble toes splashed in the brook,
The darting fish seek stony nook,
Each time they cross this winding rill
They hunt more nuts their pails to fill.

They knew each tree with largest size;
These first were sought as greatest prize.
They knew the shell-bark tree from smooth,
Nuts from the shell-bark trees they chose.

Twenty-three times they cross this rill,
And gather nuts their pails to fill;
Each time they cross have farther strayed
They find it fun to splash and wade.

They reach the river bank by noon,
By early settlers called Raccoon.
Between smooth stones some nuts they crack,
Then stow the rest away in sack.

They toss each shell upon the wave;
The darting fish some kernels crave;
The lads now long for line and hook,
And string of fish for ma to cook.

Near by they spy some walnut trees;
They hear the nuts fall in the breeze.
They gather soon and fill their pails
A bigger task they now assail.

In hidden nook they make a pile
And keep on gathering longest while,
Then lay on bark and leaves of green
So walnuts hid may not be seen.

"We'll come this way another day
We'll shell the nuts and pack away,"
So home they turn with plans prolonged,
Their clatter heard by hills along.

All passed quite well till shadows fall,
And whippoorwill begins to call;
And wise old owl puts question "who"
They think for sure he means them, too.

The cows were wending home their way;
Each side of path they browse and stray
When tinkle of the bell they hear,
They all at once forget their fear.

The children hoot and ding their pails,
The straying cows form in the trails;
The ding of pail and dong of bell,
Was heard at home their fears expel.

The milking done the supper eat,
The little pilgrims wash their feet,
Then cuddle up in trundle bed
And mother smooths their frowzy heads.

HE FOUND NO RHYME FOR CUPID.

A poet with a heart all aglow
His sweetheart effusion would show,
Ventured "I'm wounded of Cupid—
Would say more were I not stupid."

"I know you're a poet," she said,
"So is a sheep a goet," then fled.
He's a bachelor, she an old maid,
All caused by poor rhyme they'd made.

COMRADES.

Beneath this spreading tree we camped
  Beside this rippling stream,
About us towered the mountains high
  It now seems like a dream.

'Twas here we built our lone campfire
  And cooked our little meal,
And here we sat as moon-beams fell
  While comrade ties we feel.

We talked of trails across the range
  Past years come fresh in sight,
As here we sat and talked by fire
  Till far into the night.

Our blankets spread beneath the stars
  We woke with early dawn,
His way led cross the lofty range
  Where all my comrades gone.

I see the ashes where we met
  I light the fire again,
I'd see his face by old campfire
  I look and look in vain.

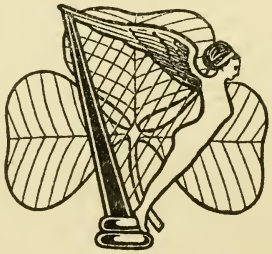
OLD ERIN.

When I think of Old Erin, I think of her lakes;
I think of St. Patrick, who banished her snakes;
I think of her lasses, and all of her charms;
I think of her children, who are reared in her arms.

I think of her freedom, held dearer than life;
I think of her suffering, of blood and of strife;
Though she's conquered, 'tis only in name,
The fire is still burning, ready to flame.

I think of her wit, ready to spring
A bright little joke, has a sunny lit wing
It carries a burden, away from the heart,
Ere it has time to canker and smart.

The shores of old England were invaded by Rome,
But the Green Little Isle defended her home,
Till Saints with the Cross and banner of love
Conquered the Isle for the kingdom above.



THE WHITE MAN AND THE RED.

'Twas far back in an early day
A white man was strolling along the bay,
As on his shoulder he bore a gun
Was out for some game but more for the fun.

"How" says the Red he chanced to meet,
"Don't speak" says the White ignoring the greet.
Indignant the Indian then made reply
"No White may hunt neath the Red Man's sky,

The land is all ours, 'tis fenced by the seas,
The game, too, is ours that roam 'neath the trees;
You came to our shores for plunder and gain
Return to your land across the wide Main."

"You came to our shore to enlighten our mind—
Then kill us and show us how to be kind,
You tell us of love and the Golden Rule
But take us for idiots and easy to fool."

"Well," says the White Man, leveling his gun,
"If really you're wise you'll be on the run.
The precepts of truth to you we've read,
We'll try our persuasion and fill you with lead."

NOTHING STINGY ABOUT GOD.

There's nothing stingy in God's ways
What's higher than the skies,
What's wider than the sunlit rays
That travel to your eyes?

There's nothing narrow 'bout the deep
Or little about the waves,
Or low about the mountains steep
Against whose base they lave.

There's nothing stingy 'bout the hues
God paints upon the skies,
How gorgeous are the morning dews
That greet the bright sun rise.

There's nothing mean about the earth
The rivers and its plains,
Where all the forms of life find birth
To whom God sends His rains.

There's nothing stingy 'bout the years
They're full of many days,
We know they'll come, we have no fears
For them we plan our ways.

There's nothing close about the air
There's plenty for each breath,
It never gives us any care
There's plenty to our death.

There's nothing stingy 'bout the rain
It falls upon the fields,
It is not sold for price or gain
And brings us 'bundant yields .

There's nothing stingy 'bout God's grace
There's mercy for each man,
God's spirit bids you to embrace
There is no narrow plan.

There are no narrow high-built walls
To treasure knowledge in,
The truth forever ever calls
To each to drink from brim.

THE OLD STORY.

Tell me that story as once it was told,
Tell it as sweetly to me;
Then I will follow as they did of old,
I'll journey and listen to Thee.

Tell it to me as I wander alone
Along life's turbulent sea,
When sorely tossed on its billowy wave,
Be there and calm it for me.

EACH AGE ONCE MODERN.

Each age looks back on one before
And thinks of it as old,
Just as each son looks back at sire
Thinks self a newer mould.

When we are gone a newer age
Will backward gaze at past,
Esteem themselves as up to date
And worthy long to last.

So Egypt thought and Babylon
And nations back of them,
And backward, backward long before
Each age was modern then.

Our age will soon be rubbish past
Cast in a grave forgot,
We are not made of stuff to last
Remember fate of Lot.

Our cities soon will pass from view
Our dreadnaughts 'neath the wave,
And all that we now boast as new
Oblivion meet in grave.

THE SONG OF CHRIST.

Christ woke the chord of love
  He let God's sunshine in,
He didn't talk of blood
  As remedy to sin.

He talked about the field,
  About the fertile ground,
About abundant yield,
  When goodly deeds abound.

He talked about the rain
  Which God of kindness sends,
Upon the good and vain
  Without a selfish end.

No sacrifice He told
  No costly price for sin,
The bloody way of old
  The church has fallen in.

No life for life He said—
  But kindness for a wrong,
And this is how He read
  The new salvation song.

It was no song of blood
  No crimson plunge for sin,
The church now mounts the flood
  With all the blood washed in.

TREES HAVE THEIR OWN FEELING.

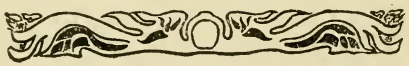
Trees have their feeling not our feeling
  They quiver in each breeze that blows,
Trees all are seeing not our seeing
  Peeking out where sunlight shows.

The vine is clinging not with fingers
  It has its way of holding on;
The flowers no wisdom knows but lingers
  Till the warm, warm days are gone.

The buds doth know but not our knowing
  They open at the proper time,
They may not hope as we keep hoping
  But still they find a sunny clime.

They all are toiling not our toiling
  They all keep spinning day and night,
And when they wear their garments soiling
  Like us they change for new ones bright.

God helps us all as we keep working
  Both man and tree and bud and vine,
His hands unseen no duty shirking
  That's why our hearts keep beating time.



COMING HOME.

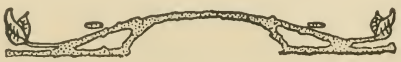
"How-do, Mother Earth, thou gave me life,
How-do, I'm coming back to thee,
Have found each day was fraught with strife
I come back home now shelter me.

How-do, Mother Earth, I am thy child,
How-do, I know no place like here,
I lost my way in desert wild
I come back home I have no fear.

How-do, Mother Earth, I come to rest,
How-do, this body all is thine,
Of all thou had I found it best
Oh here it is no longer mine.

How-do, Mother Earth, make up my bed,
And Mother Dear thy sweetest flowers
Plant some to bloom above my head
Tell God to water them with showers.

Good night Mother Earth." "Good night my child
Good night I'll shelter you from storm
The night may blow a little wild
I'll wake you in the morn."



WHERE GOLDEN RULE DON'T APPLY.

We went to Japs with out stretched arms
Told them of wondrous love,
They came to us and found no charms
We gave them backward shove!

The Golden Rule don't here apply
In case of Japanese,
Christ must have meant that we should try
Another rule for these.

The sermon on the mount is fine
'Twill do to preach to them—
But when we come to walk the line
'Tis best its rules to bend.

To love the man who does us wrong
His wrong with kindness pay,
Is nice to teach and sing in song
But we're not built that way.

Moral.

If we are Christians let us walk
As Christ has taught us to,
We can not fool men by our talk
Unless we really do.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

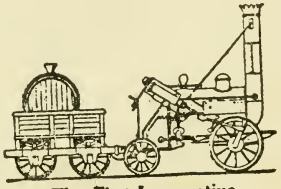
The dog and the wolf each chance to stray
And the other meet by a near highway,
As both were idle on a sunny day
They sought acquaintance and began to play.
Said the dog to the wolf "which way are you bound?"
"Oh," says the wolf, "I'm sauntering around
To pick up a lamb should one be found,
I know how to run from the old grey hound."

"Why do you run?" said the dog in reply.
Answered the wolf with a hidden sigh,
"In playing my game I have to be shy;
I've a quick scent and a very keen eye,
Am ever on watch when gunner is nigh,
'Tis best to evade him so I am sly—
To be honest my friend I'm not ready to die."

Says the dog to the wolf, "Then come with me.
Mistaken you are in thinking you're free.
'Tis plain you're a thief as all can see
And that is the reason you have to flee."
"Well," says the wolf, "I'd like to repent—
My habits are old, too old to be bent,
And then I'd be watched wherever I went.
Suspicion is very acute of scent."

"I am a wolf," was the dog's next say,
"Long I have quit my former old way,

And now with my master content to stay,
I eat three meals and sleep on the hay.
Remember old friend I sleep in the shed
With one I open when master's in bed—
Don't prowl around with a stealthy tread
When I awake master he'll fill you with lead."

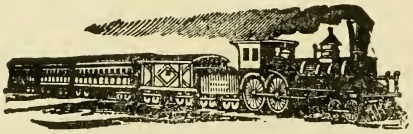


The First Locomotive

SIXTY YEARS AGO IN IOWA.

"Sam Nickson came last night, 'twas late;
He said he rode part way;
He says Buchanan's President—
That's what he heard them say.

He rode in cars to Burlington;
He thinks they'll build this way;
He says it beats a-footing it,
Tho man has got to pay."



FORTY YEARS AGO.

"Who was that man with old ox-cart
That went along the road?

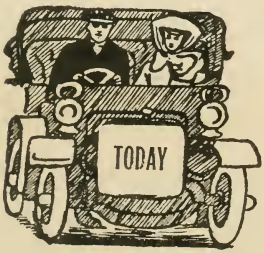
I know I've seen that red off ox,
He had a heavy load."

"Oh, 'twas the man across the creek,
He said he'd been to mill;
He came this side, 'twas better road
And not so steep a hill."

The First Harvesting Machine

TODAY.

"Who was that man with touring car?
Was surely on the tear!"
"I met him at the Golden Gate—
He's coming from the Fair."



THE LITTLE STREAM.

In childhood days I loved to play
And wade in little stream,
That had its source in father's farm,
Into my life it seems.

Each little nook and winding crook
And ripple o'er the sand,
Now wound their way into my life
As well as thru the land.

And when I had some older grown
I wandered farther down,
To where it joined another creek
That came from hills around..

The little fish came up to here,
But darted back their way—
I wished to see from whence they came
When wading down each day.

I wade till creek leaves prairie slopes
And flows among the trees,
The hills rise steep with rocky ledge
And hushed seems every breeze!

The mystery now grows more intense—
So wish to farther see,
But hillsides rise to close me in
And fear creeps over me!

At last with father by my side
I wander farther down,
Each step we take we seem to tread
On strange and unknown ground.

We come to where the streamlet falls
Into a river grand,—
No more I know from whence it comes
Than does the drifting sand.

I've gazed upon the ocean since
Where meets the deep blue sky,
And backward moves the infinite
From gaze of human eye.

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

My faith in God is most childlike
Too simple to express,
I came from Him to Him return
With Him is Blessedness.

I am myself and no one else
As on thru life I go,
My body changes many times,
Myself the same I know.

My God is God forevermore
Tho I may often stray,
I will return to God ere long
And never go away.

CUSTOM WAS TO EAT PART OF SACRIFICE.

Not far removed from cannibal
Or from the beast of prey,
Was Abram when his son he bound
And raised his knife to slay.

Three days he sought this lonely waste
Then reared a pile of wood,
On which to burn or roast his child!—
To priest flesh tasted good.

We ne'er may say what he had done
Out in this desert waste!
Had he not found a lamb to slay
That doubtless met his taste.

The loosened son enjoyed the feast
And thought how close the call!
One moment more and he'd been slain!
It must be plain to all.

He did not take his servant near
Lest he might see the deed!—
But Abram could perform the act
And view his Isaac bleed. .

BE KIND TO THE LOWLY.

"Not much I claim," says lowly worm—
"The simple right to be,
Then spare my life 'tis all I have
'Twas God who gave it me."

"Oh spare my life," says butterfly,
"This is my happy day,
I must improve each sunny hour
I have not long to stay."

"Step not on me," says busy ant,
"I have much work to do,
Think of the crippled limb you'll make,
No way to get one new."

"Don't crush my shell," says helpless snail,
"For God was good to me,
He gave it me 'tis my dear home
As you can plainly see."

So everything that God has made
Is speaking in His ear,
If we abuse them they will call!
Be sure that God will hear.

BEAUTIES OF ART AND NATURE CONTRASTED.

Man's works of art will pass away,
Their brightest colors fade;
The colors in the evening sky
Ne'er lose one tint or shade.

What art dare paint a living rose,
Or blush on maiden's cheek,—
They all may imitate, forsooth,
To copy oft they seek.

I've seen the ocean sleep 'neath sky,
The sun set in her blue;
I've seen her ripples change to smiles
'Neath sky of every hue.

No artist taught God how to paint,
Or how to colors blend,
Or how to tint each flower in vale—
The air sweet fragrance lend.

There are no rivals of His art,
His works are always known;
He never imitates poor man—
His works are all His own.

MAN'S HABITATION.

In a lone sunny wood
far from habitation,
'Mid mountains so lofty
their tops reached the sky,
I spied out a dwelling
with stately foundation,
With no one who built it
seemingly nigh.

Every surrounding
was grand and imposing,
Arranged for a dweller
of taste and of cast,
But no one with strength
however enduring
Could build or erect it
any time in the past.

Within were all foods
the palates now tempting,
No living were there
to enjoy or partake;
With flavor of fruits
the breezes were scenting,
The sense of no living
was there to awake.

While gazing on mansion
from the unseen arising

Came beautiful forms
with cheeks and with eyes,
Full of emotion
and full of desiring,
Possession to claim
to my greatest surprise.

Everything there
they found for their using,
But the builder and owner
was nowhere in sight.
So it was wicked
folly amusing,
How little they thought
of His title and right,

How little they knew
of their own uprising,
How little they knew
from whence they came,
How little they knew
of their Host was surprising;
How strangely they sought
to detract from His fame.

THE INDIAN AND THE SNAIL.

The Indian and Snail are always at home,
They pack their house with them wherever they roam;
They camp where there's feed, what matters it then,
They 'ave plenty to eat and nothing to spend.

THIS FEED IS DRY.

"Before this generation's past
I will return again,
The wicked all in Hell will cast"—
These words now fall in vain.

Each generation since that day
Has claimed this promise theirs;
Like morning star cheered Christian's way,
And lightened all their cares.

The wicked have been made repent,
And flock into the fold
When told the words for them were meant,
'Till telling oft grew old.

These words for near two thousand years
Have worked to frighten men,
And raised in timid many fears,
And filled up flock in pen.

But time has come to face the fact,
The Shepherd can't return;
On saner theories work and act—
For truth we ne'er should spurn.

To thoughtful minds our Shepherd's near,
And leads us all thru life;
And comforts bring when we would fear,
And helps us meet its strife.

We each may find in doing good
A comfort most complete,
While thoughts of God will furnish food
And be our daily meat.

Of course, we'll hear of Noah's Ark,
And of the wicked drowned,
Because they ate and did not hark
When Noah came around.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SAND BAGS.

The French are protecting their cathedrals on the firing line with casings of sand bags. The Apostles and Savior in marble above and about the main entrance are thus protected, and the scene of the last judgment and a whole host of angels.

Sand bags piled to protect the Saints
From the fire of the Christian's gun!
Profession—Shame how patched the paint!
Its wearer seems a laughing pun.

Prophets of Peace bearing "Good Will"
Enclosed by bags from raging man,
Their voices hushed, their love now chilled,
By bursting bombs, and bags of sand.

Last Judgment scene hidden by bags!
Hands of the Savior stretched in vain.
Profession now is worse than rags
In sight of millions bleeding slain!

REMEMBERING THE SPARROWS.

I stood 'neath the limbs of the green fig tree,
The song and twitter of birds o'erhead;
The sun and the breeze played merry and free,
Sweetly I mused to myself and said:

"I'll gather ripe figs, but not every one,
For Father in Heaven the sparrows doth feed;
Will they not hunger when all these are gone?
Of some of these figs my Father hath need."

When gathering, I left some ripe ones up high;
My birds and my Father in Heaven were pleased;
Songsters with music then often were sent,
Richly repaying me for all of these;

And God looked down in my heart and smiled,
And said He was pleased at what I had done,
Assuringly whispered and called me His child,
Told me by kindness Heaven is won.

RESULT

When I told it to wife, she said they were high,
Had I the arms I'd reach to the sky;
Well that may be true, but I did not try—
I saw the joke and twinkle in eye.

THE WOLF AND THE GENTLEMAN.

A gent of leisure in passing one day
  Chanced on a wolf by the busy highway
And says, "For a living pray what do you do?"
  The wolf made answer, "I live like you;
You eat every day at the toiler's expense,
  My preying on lambs is no greater offence."

Says the gent to the wolf, "I keep within law."
  "True," says the wolf; "I live by my jaw,
My teeth helps me and the lamb feels the pain,
  The law helps you get the poor man's gain.
I am a wolf, unlettered, unlearned,
Like you, my meals I never have earned,
  But you have developed into a man of sense—
  Your's is the crime, mine the offence."

CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

Why Heathen mother blame who gives her babe
    to flame
  To soothe her Maker's ire,—
And Hebrew father praise whose hand with knife
    is raised
  O'er child on altar fire?

TWO LITTLE CHICKS.

Two little chicks held a worm
  Hard tugging at each end,
As innocent as nature makes;—
  Can you their acts condemn.

Of course the stronger got the worm
  And hastened to devour,
In this you see the man of flesh
  He holds all in his power.

But spirit life steps in and says
  Be kind to fellow man,
A greater pleasure you will find
  To help him when you can.

Perhaps the kindness you bestow
  Will come in blessings back;—
Be sure you don't have this in view
  Or act will kindness lack.

The mother hen now caught a worm
  And called her chicks in haste;
The law of love in her was strong,
  More strong than her own taste.

HER CHARMS.

The colors of the rain-bow's hues
I see in your bright eyes;—
In rain-bow has a gleam of hope,
In your's points to the skies.

The blush of rose of beauty speaks,—
Reflected in your cheek
Has sweeter charms that hold me near,
E'en tho I do not speak.

The dewdrops sparkle in my path
If you are by my side;
The dewdrops all to diamonds turn,—
But you I chiefly prize.

The lilies seem so very white,
But seem not half so pure
As when I grasp your gentle hand,
And heart of you is sure.

The honey bee with nectar sweet
Returning from the flowers,
Bear not the sweetness of your lips—
I'd meet you 'neath the bowers.

I've heard the notes the songsters sing
Perched in the tree top tall,
Your voice has charms they never struck,
I'm listening for your call.

THE UPPER FOLD THINNING OUT.

An angel came to me one night
And said the upper fold
Was filled with souls who sought delights
Such as they had of old.

He said in space new worlds were made
And fitted up for them;
There they would flock when they were bade
And live again as men.

He said in space were worlds yet crude,
In time be homes most fair
For souls who tired of multitudes
Who thronged the ways up there.

He said these souls had tired of songs
And worship round the throne;
And had for ages pined and longed
Again on earth to roam.

They longed for home and children, too,
And patter of their feet;
Where they again might love and woo,
And round the hearthstone meet.

Were tired of hallelujah's songs,
Were tired of standing round,
Were tired of all the bowing throngs,
And all of Heaven's sound;

Preferred the spread around the board,
With children at their side,
And little dainties wife had stored
For meal at eventide.

The upper fold was thinning out,
Not what it once had been;
And this is how it came about
They loved this world we're in.

A HEAVENLY SWING.

I'm swinging, swinging unto Thee,
I feel I'm swinging unto Thee,
At every swing I feel I'm nearer,
I'm swinging, swinging unto Thee. .

The ties that bind me to this earth
Are loosening, hold no more!
Behold the ship about to sail—
I'm loosening, loosening from the shore.

To this vain world I cling no more,
The arms of God now hold me round;
Then back to Thee, I swing, I swing,
Tis heavenly ground I've found, I've found.

EACH A PART OF THIS WORLD.

I'm part of this big world of ours
  In body and in mind,
My body draws from common earth,
  My soul from source Divine.

Yes, every thought's been thought before,
  And every love been loved;
Material for the hopes we build
  Is drawn from Heaven above.

Our bodies loaned us from the earth
  Must be returned to same,
That generations yet to come
  May work them in their frame.

My frame is part of all who've lived
  In ages heretofore,
My brain has been in brain of race,
  I think their thoughts once more.

Our bodies brother to the tree,
  And to the fields of grain,
And to each man on earth we meet,—
  All meet in dust again.

In mind we're brother to the saint,
  They had same hopes and fears,
And all our joys they felt before
  And wept same briny tears.

Some tears are in the rolling deep,
And some in beating rain,—
We see them in our brothers' eyes—
Why should we give him pain.

The body's force within our frame
Is part of world's great force,
And all who ever lived on earth
Have drawn from common source.

So when two hands in friendship clasp,
These hands have clasped before,
In distant lands in ages past—
None part to meet no more.

THE RED MAN, THE WHITE, THEN THE JAP.

The White Man took this land from Red
Who made poor use of it;
Now to our shores the Japs are led
Because we idly sit.

The Jap will raise from acre lone
Far more than we from four;
Here he will come, this land will own,
As White Man did before.

We love our pleasures more than race,
Our offspring less and less;
The Japs will come and fill their place
While we go off in dress.

WRITTEN AFTER ATTENDING C. S. CHURCH.

Matter is deception and Spirit is real—
'Tis the Spirit of babe not the face that smiles;
The press of its fingers she seems to feel
Deceives the mother and only beguiles.

The flesh is not real as each one knows,
The lips do not speak, appearance deceives;
And kneeling to God in Spirit we go—
'Tis the Spirit that prays and blessings receives.

When kissing our friends and saying good by,
They're leaving us not, all flesh is but naught;
And when at their grave we weep and we cry,
'Tis only deception if we're rightly taught.

Our joys and our sorrows because of our frame,
Our wife and our children that sit on our knee,
Nowise are real, they seemingly came—
The senses deceive us till our Spirits are free.

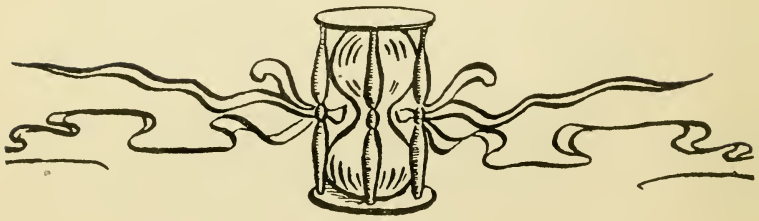
When Jesus had finished His life on the cross
And flesh had departed, His Spirit remained;
In appearance not real His friends suffered loss,
Blessings much higher they afterwards claimed.

THE HOME OF OLD TIME.

"How lonesome thou must be, O Time,
So many vacant chairs!
Old Rome, and Tyre, and Babylon,
With no one sitting there.
And seats beyond the sight of man
Thy vision doth behold,
Some fallen shaft, or rock, or hill,
Or stream, reminds thee still—
Treasures of memory hold.

Oh, Time, how sad thy face must be!
Beholding distant spheres
Where naught but craters hold
Remains to tell how old:—
Thine eyes must fill with tears!"

"My eyes are turned to rising sun
And toward the future years;
My sadness thus beguiles
And fills my face with smiles,
And dries up all my tears."



THE INVISIBLE ARCHITECT.

We see the trees which He has reared
With limbs like arches high—
He left no scaffolding 'neath the trees
To show that He is nigh.

LOOKING AT A FACE.

What is thy vision who can divine?
A rift in Heaven seen from thy face?
An image of God I see in thine,
In each glance an unseen world I trace.

Fairer looms Heaven seen in thine eyes
Richer the treasures that world doth hold,
The turn of thy face reveals new skies
What then the vision thine eyes behold.

As tranquil lake reflects the sky above
Thy face mirrors purity and grace,
My self I see not but God of love—
A Heaven of peace viewed in thy face.

A glimpse of the unseen hast thou caught?
Which mortals long for but can not view?
A face so calm so tranquil and serene
Foretells the passions purified, made new.

FROM OMAHA TO GOLDEN GATE.

Across the plains we pass at night,
  Like dart from out a quiver;
In morn the mountains blush in sight,
  Their forms so white we shiver.

We Denver pass as folks awake,
  All night they'd been asleeping;
We're headed for the Golden Gate,
  The land that all are seeking.

By Castle Rock, and Noah's Ark,
  An elephant so stony,
On up the mountain slopes we pass,
  Where climbed the Indian pony.

Fields, too, were climbing up the hills
  Pushed by the White Man's tilling,
The milk from cows was turned to coin,
  His bulging pockets filling.

At Palmer Lake we summit reach,
  Where boats on lake are gliding,
And many homes around the lake
  Hold tourists there abiding.

The Springs we reach near Manitou
  Where healing waters flowing
Hard by the Garden of The Gods,
  Whose colored walls are showing.

From home of parks we speed round base,
Round famed Pike's Peak so lofty;
Then up the Arkansaw we glide
'Long waters flowing softly.

This valley forty years ago
Gleamed in the sun so brazen,
Like Eden now with fruitful bowers,
The change has been amazing.

And at the window of our cars
Came forms with fruit so golden—
We change our coins for fruit so rare
Which Eve-like hands are holden.

Beyond us towers the God-built Gate,
Thru it we soon are rolling;
It seems the rocks meet o'er our heads
While walls in waves are folding.

More crooked than the Serpent old
That thru it entered Eden,
Our train for miles and miles sped on,
These fruit bowers leaven.

A coil of sky above our heads,
A hissing stream below us,
We hasten from these frowning walls,
And feel that God is o'er us.

We soon are climbing toward the top,
The backbone of Old Rocky,
But Midnight Hour is climbing, too,
Each rode by rival jockey.

We wish to mail some letters home,
But night is dark and blocky,
And when our train the summit reached,
The darkness hides Old Rocky.

Just now the headlight turns our way,
A cone of light revealing
The feathery snowflakes from the skies
Their course toward earth are feeling.

'Twas worth a trip 'cross Continent
The sight on which we're gazing;
A moment more and all is dark,
The change is most amazing.

Next morn when light o'ertook our train,
Cross desert sands we're speeding,
'Twas cross these sands the Mormons walked
And followed Brigham leading.

'Long dreary wastes where nothing grew,
And far from brackish water,
They pull their carts for weary months
And after Brigham totter.

From land of plenty they had fled,
By persecution driven,
They sought a shelter far away—
They dreamed it here was given.

They had no cloud to guide by day,
At night no fiery pillar,
They had no manna by the way,
Had need of Indian killer.

Thru Castle Gate he led his hosts,
Their hands and feet all bleeden;
They've changed the barren waste within
To very bower of Eden.

The Great Salt Lake no outlet has,
Is like Dead Sea of olden,
And in it drops their Galilee
Like Jordan waves a-rolling..

Our train passed Gate in afternoon,
We valley reached in even,
We saw the sun across the lake,
The vale a modern Eden.

Our train sped 'long this crystal lake,
And down this golden river,
At dusk we reach abode of Saints,
Their lights are all a-quiver.

Here as of old a temple rose
To light the world benighted;
Here Gentiles flocked to view the land,
Remained were so delighted.

They drove no people from this land
O'er slaughtered children bleeding;
A barren waste they fertile made
Where multitudes are feeding.

Thru shades of night 'neath frowning mounts
We speed o'er Lake so briny,
As strange as Israel thru Red Sea
With host and babies tiny.

When morning light again we see,
We're over deserts rolling,
No cattle roam or coyotes prowl,
We see no Red Men strolling.

The Golden State we reach ere eve,
O'er lofty mountains climbing,
We leave the snow-sheds far behind,
Down verdant slopes are winding.

The sun sank down thru Golden Gate
Long ere we reach the Ocean,
We breath the scent of fruit and flowers
And hear the new commotion.

FLESH THE SERVANT OF MIND.

Man's mind can say to flesh do this
And quick will flesh obey;
The flesh is servant then of mind
And has no say or pay.

If flesh obeys the unseen mind
Much more God works unseen;
All matter moves as He designs
His wisdom thus is seen.

He planned the earth for home of man
And gave to world her laws,
Thru these He works His wonderous plans
For ages without pause.

TWINKLE LITTLE STAR.

I know you twinkle, little star,
  But you keep away so far;
Aren't you ever coming nigh
  So I can see your other eye.

Do you wait till sun is set
  So the grass my feet will wet?
Don't you like the sun so bright
  Why you wait to wink at night?

Now I never see your face,
  Hiding there in darkest place;
How I wish you'd come some day
  Just to see us children play.

Come and take us up some night
  When the milky way is bright,—
For they never milk in day
  All who live on milky way.

If they'd change their milking time,
  Sure 'twould suit us all so fine,
We could see the milky way
  Every time we come to play.

WHO TOLD YOU?

Who told you god was near?
Who told you God could hear?
It was His voice deep in your heart,
It struck like lightening, pierced like dart!

Who spoke to you at night?
No mortal there in sight!
Who told you things that no one knew,
That secret long twixt God and you?

You'd hide them in your heart—
But now they make you start!
For well you know God's eye can see,
Each way you look but can not flee.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is our life? It is a flight
Across a fleeting year,
By which we gain some new delight
And give up something dear.

How strange we two should meet right here,
This day each other know;
Where have we been these endless years,
And where in future go?

THE DEUTSCHLAND.

From shores of Spain across the main
Columbus thought to sail,
He found an isle and stayed awhile,
To reach main land did fail.

But Koenig like gopher digged—
Steered straight for New World's shore,
Thru depths of deep where thousands sleep
He came up at our door.

Up in the light were ships to fight,
He 'neath their bottoms ploughed,
No stars to guide for he must hide,
He fled each storm or cloud.

His compass told the north of old,
And once he peaked at sun
To see his place in ocean's waste,
And find his distance run.

Like bird in air on wings a pair
Oft watches for her prey,
So men in planes above the main
Watched long above the way.

It was their hope the periscope
Would show above the wave,
And then a shot right at the spot
Would fix this hero brave.

He brought us dyes all which we prize
Safe thru the briny deep;
What we had need he brought with speed
Past where the dead long sleep.

The most to dread were ships on bed,
Long sunk beneath the wave—
They are not mapped, in mystery wrapped,
They sank where none might save.

When all was night within was bright
To cheer them on their way;
The sun might shine upon the brine,
To them no light of day.

WHY HEAVEN'S REST.

Mothers were scarce in Adam's day,
So he was made from ground;
There was a shortage then on wives—
In place, a rib was found.

The angels never wed we're told,
That may be for the best;
They have no bonnets there to buy—
No wonder Heaven's a rest.

DON'T BLAME ME.

My mouth is hungry, I must feed!
  My back is cold and bare!
And I am selfish 'cause I need
  And none who for me care.

I some things crave that others have,
  Because I need them, too;
If they would share me only half
  I'd have enough to do.

There's land a plenty for us all,
  If each had equal share;
But some have got no land at all,
  The man with much don't care.

They say I'm selfish 'cause I need
  The things that others have;
The man with much is man of greed,
  Is he not equal bad?

I'm selfish, sure, my make up's bad,
  Don't lay the blame on me;
Did I not need what others had
  I would not selfish be.

UNSEEN FORCES.

The acorn falling from the tree,
  The apple dropping down,
Reveals to man a hidden law
  Wide as the earth around.

When man at will lifts up his hand
  In spite of Nature's law,
Is plainly shown a higher power
  Than Nature ever saw.

The eagle mounting up the sky
  Some pinnacle to find
Would open gravitation's eye
  To higher law of mind.

The willingness of feet and hands
  To do their master's will
Is finger-board to higher lands—
  'Tis God all Nature fills.

RECOLLECTION.

Our recollections of this life
  Are records on the brain,
When this is wrecked our memory fails,
  Each child new records gain.

TWO YEARS IN THE FIGHT.

What does he look like? How does he feel?
  Two years of murder in his heart!
Two years of hate and bloody steel,
  With dreams all filled with Devil's art!

What does he look like? What does he know
  Save groans and moans of dying men!
His features must these terrors show—
  Two years of crouching in a den.

What does he look like? What does he care?
  Mid scenes of blood and cries of pain!
At ghastly sights he learns to stare
  And crave to see it o'er again.

What does he look like? What does he hope?
  Can memory change one bloody spot!
The sky of Heaven tho vast in scope
  Will mirror scenes he ne'er forgot.

His seed will grow the beastly stain,
  And generations yet unborn
Will carry hatred in each vein
  And men of neighboring nations scorn.

DESIGN IN MAN'S FRAME.

Who saw the frame of man complete
Before man stood upon his feet?
There is an architect Divine
First saw each part, each curve, each line.

Who showed the eye the path to light
Before that orb had form or sight?
An inner eye not made of clay
First saw the light and led the way.

Who taught the bone the flesh to brace,
Each joint in limb find proper place?
Who taught the sinews where to cling,
That to each limb 'twould freedom bring?

Who taught each organ how to work,
And planned it so no one might shirk?
Who gave the heart its constant beat,
And planned the air and lungs to meet?

Who taught the feet the way to walk,
The tongue its skill to sing and talk,
The hands with cunning shape complete,
Each want of every part to meet?

Who hid the vital organs far
Where ribs and bones would danger bar,
The brain inclosed in rounded case,
The eyes to guard this sacred place?

The ears each side to sound alarm
And guard this organ from all harm;
The lips with taste to choose the food,
The nose with scent fresh air to choose?

The senses five are near the brain,
That master mind may hold the rein—
For news of harm to any part
To brain is sent as quick as dart.

The one who works must know his art
And see completion from the start;
The highest type of man today
God's guiding mind saw far away.

He made in eye a lens complete,
Transfixing world in eyes' retreat;
In choicest frame He moulds the clay—
He knew each science taught today.

ENDLESS CHAIN.

If endless chain did not return
  Our bodies to the earth,
There would in time no earth remain
  To give new bodies birth.

Is spirit birth an endless drain
  On Heaven's vast supply?
Would shortage of men's souls occur
  If none of us should die?

THE HIGH-HEELED SHOES.

A howling woe is drink I know,
But there are others, too;
The crumpled toes, and corns that goes
Each way on high-heeled shoes.

The women yell and give us—well—
And drive us off to drink;
They buy corn salve—spend all we have—
And never stop to think.

They set the pace, we ruin face,
'Tis money all the while;
And while we earn, they money burn
In chasing some fool style.

The fashions drain what e'er we gain,
It is no use to try;
'Tis only woe when home we go—
That's why we drink old rye.

There are no woes like horny toes,
That go with high-heeled shoes;
They give us woes no mortal knows—
That's why we have the blues.

THE INDIANS OF COLUMBUS' DAY HAD NO DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

He had no dog, or horse, or cow,
To milk or ride or bark "bow-wow";
He had one slave, she was his squaw,
Who did his work, his word was law.

Among the trees in light and shade
He skulked in colors nature made;
In hand he held the twanging bow
To lay his prey or victim low.

In stealth he hides behind a tree,
Watching the deer he chance to see;
He aims with fiendish cunning care,
He knows the game is fleet as air.

The arrow hits a vital place,
The deer yet leads him quite a chase;
It falters now and strikes the ground—
He calls his squaw with piercing sound.

In haste she packs it to the tent,
With stone for knife the flesh is rent;
Above her head on limb of oak
She hangs each piece then starts the smoke.

Crouched in the tent around the flame,
All watch the squaw half broil the game;

Soon with their teeth they tear the meat,
Then curl in circle where they eat.

The scent of half-tanned skins and smoke
Is very old to these Indian folk;
Soundly they sleep like beasts in den,
Contented were and happy then.

They only rise when hunger calls,
No horses neigh or cattle bawls,
No clarion call or chicken cackle,
They hear the panther and wild jackal.

She never heard of school or book,
She oft has heard the rippling brook,
And watched the owl in tree-top tall,
And nightly heard whippoorwill call.

DRIFTING.

The grain of sand upon the beach
Had just as much to say
About the journey it has made
As I about my way.

The ocean sand is made of grains,
Time of moments past;
Where did I drift from shores of life,
Where will I land at last.

Each soul from God drifts once to earth,
And then is carried on;
There is no voice from out the deep
That answers back when gone.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Sweet voice of Christ taught higher truths
Than any world had heard,
It woke earth's dreamers from their sleep,
And all the masses stirred.

What were those truths the millions woke
And set new blood to flow?
It was the brotherhood of man
That all the world must know.

These truths were not for any race,
For all the men of earth;
To live this brother life with Christ
Required the Spirit birth.

The temple walls so sacred high
Where only priests had trod,
Were leveled low to common earth
That man might meet his God.

Old lines and creeds were broken down
By onward flood of love,
No walls could hold the kingdom come
Sent down from Heaven above.

Revenge and wrath must have no place,
Instead we must forgive,
When Father's kingdom comes to earth
We must His spirit live.

If one should smite you on the cheek,
To him the other turn,
With good for evil in return
Will cause his cheek to burn.

Christ never taught of little things,
His truths were broad as man,
The law of love which he proclaimed
Would every chasm span.

His thoughts were high, His heart was love,
He never dropped to creeds;
It was the heart He sought to change
And banish selfish deeds.

Sweet song of peace to all the earth
Across the heavens ran,
'Twas not for any age or race,
In broadest sense for man.

Sweet voice once heard o'er Galilee,
Oh, speak to hearts of men,
The angry billows of the deep
Once heard, will hear again.

ENLIGHTENING THE EVANGELIST.

In the gutter way down your sinners drag on,
  Paint them as vile as language can tell,
Open abyss that near them may yawn,
  Perfume them with sulphur and singe them as
    well.

When tottering on brink just over the flame,
  Open the door of mercy in store;
Tell them that One in their place has been slain,
  Have them believe it and jump on the floor.

To make your game win, take them all in,
  Get them to pay for the way they're fooled,
What matters it then if they fall back in sin,
  The excitement is good till their ardor is cooled.

AN INVISIBLE HAND.

We stand by cradle of the deep
  And hear the winds that cry;
But ne'er can see the hand that rocks
  The wave that rushes by.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

I placed a straw across the way
  To help the toiling ant;
It did not see my hand that day—
  Its vision was too scant.

It thought the straw placed there by chance
  A bridge—it was, of course;
It was not far enough advanced
  To think of higher force.

Above us being may abide,
  Much more advanced than we;
Unseen by flesh from us they hide—
  We can not spirit see.

The fertile fields that God has spread,
  The sunshine and the showers—
We can not see where He doth tread,
  Unseen are all His powers.

More blind than ant or even bat,
  Man stumbles on his way,
He does not see what God is at
  Who helps him every day.

THE LIPS BENEATH THE ROSE.

Thy rosy lips have now decayed
And turned to mouldering dust,
But memory thru them speaks to me
A voice that's never hushed.

The rose that blooms above thy grave
Returns a sweet perfume,
Seems wafted from the other shore
From tree of life in bloom.

The mouldered dust has sweetness grown,
My faded hopes now bloom,
And brighter now art thou I love
As seen beyond the tomb.

I love thee, rose, thou bade me trust,
And bade my hopes revive,
By gathering sweetness from the dust
Thou taught me to be wise.

SILENT POWERS.

The waterfall that roars so loud,
And tells of nature's power,
Is borne in silence back to cloud
And falls in dew and showers.

The thunderbolt that shakes the earth
In silence gains its power;
The hand that guides the worlds since birth
May shake the world some hour.

There is a mind behind the scene—
All nature shows design;
We may not see behind the screen
Unless X-rayed by mind.

THE LOST CUPIDS

Ten thousand thousands rays of light
From sun dart out thru space,
One in ten thousand reach our earth,
The rest are lost in space.

A myriad Cupids wing the air,
One in ten thousand born,
The many thousands wander out
And left to roam forlorn.

Unseen they peek in window panes
And view a circle fair,
And long for love's companionship,
To be of friendship heir.

HOW A SWARM OF BEES WENT TO SCHOOL

Mary had a little lamb
But that was long ago;
Let me tell you something new,
Perhaps you'd like to know.

'Twas a swarm of honey bees
That came to school one day;
They entered through the siding
And settled there to stay.

Within the school house cosy
Sat children by the score;
Concealed beneath the siding
Were million bees or more.

While children stored up knowledge
Within their little brains,
The honey bees stored sweetness
With greatest care and pains.

One gathered knowledge daily
And stored it in their minds;
The other gathered sweetness
Which only bees can find.

The children met one morning
Before the teacher came,
To drive the bees from siding,
A little fun their aim.

Each armed with stick for battle,
Attacked them in their home;
But bees are brave as any,
Will fight for honeycomb.

One round of ammunition
Was all the boys possessed;
And when they fired it at them
They each would run his best.

No boy was slow in starting,
But bees were quick of wing,
And every boy that morning
Got one to twenty stings.

Some run around the school house,
And some fled through the door;
But everywhere the boys went
The bees were there before.

When teacher came that morning,
The bees turned teacher out;
And all the children crying,
Not one would linger 'bout.

Some had a bump on shoulder,
And some a lump on face;
Some had a swollen eyelid,
No noses seemed in place.

All learned expensive lesson
From busy honey bee;
'Tis best to mind your business
And not a meddler be.

THE DEVIL LOSES HIS JOB.

Not up to date in ways of hate
  Hell's altogether slow,
So Devil's out to look about
  And learn what Moderns know.

That's why he sat on Kaiser's mat,
  And grumbled at the cold,
"It was my lot to keep things hot,
  I've lost my job I'm told.

I was not skilled in ways he killed
  So Kaiser kicked me out,
I could not run a gatling gun,
  So Czar won't have me 'bout."

So Devil spoke as cleared the smoke,
  Then glanced awhile about
And dropped his tail, and struck the trail
  For regions round about.

He watched the fumes make living tombs
  With poison in its stench,
If some survive they pin them live
  And leave them in the trench.

He saw them aim their fluid flame
  And burn them as they run,
And as they fall it burns them all,
  The Devil's Hell outdone.

He was amazed then, long he gazed,
Would now from Christians learn
If up to date in works of hate,
They might not Devil spurn.

Down went his tail, his courage failed,
He felt he was too slow,
In deadly aim and numbers slain
Their pace he could not go.

He watched them fly and arm the sky,
And whiz in face of God;
The fiends would slay the babe at play
While on its mother's sod.

The submarine from depths unseen
Would blow the ship on wave,
Then laugh and wink as thousands sink,
Because there's none to save.

The Devil blushed in silence hushed
For he had seen enough;
And then he spoke, "My imps may hope
Hell has some better stuff.

I'll tell them Hell's a peaceful dell
Compared to world outside;
Then they will pray that they may stay,
Lest Christians get their hide."

THE BARREN COAST.

The sinking sun on barren coast
No trace of glory leaves,
No cloud reflects departing rays
E'en twilight quickly flees.

No snow-capped peaks lift up their heads
To revel in his light,
Reminding hills and valleys round
Of sun that shines so bright.

So sinks a towering intellect
Among the sordid herd,
A barren waste is all there's left,
No mind his teachings stirred.

No lofty minds have caught his thoughts,
To teach them when he's gone;
They're buried with him in the ground,
Every one—every one.

Not so with Christ: departing rays
Lent light to Gallilee
And all the peaks, from Sinai's top
To Mount of Calvary.

The clouds of gloom that hung o'er earth,
Reflected brightest beams;
And e'en the tears that showered from cross,
With rainbow's radiance gleams.

The Prophets old, and 'Postles new
Centered their light on Him;
Behind the cross He sank to rest,
The cross will never dim.

'Tis not His light in which we live,
It is reflected rays
From head of Paul, and breast of John,
And Saints of later days.

It is the humble Christian here
Whose life shows signs of love,
That most reflects the Master's light,
And points to One above.

'Tis in the Mother's lullaby
Is heard His gentle voice;
And in the kindly spoken words
That make sad hearts rejoice.

The choirs may sing their anthem songs,
The organ peal so loud;
But they don't prove the Christ is risen
From His cold burial shroud.

The costly spires and gilded domes
May point the eye toward sky,
But they don't tell the broken heart
The helping Christ is nigh.

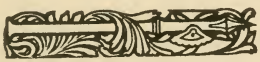
EMPTY PROFESSION.

Into a room with faucets ranged
I step to take a bath,
On one is "HOT," on other "COLD,"
Same warmth both waters hath.

Into this peopled world I go,
Some bear the Christian name,
But all, like water, now are cold,
They lack the Christian flame.

'Tis true, some times the fire is lit,
Then water boils up hot,
And steams all out and leaks from pipe,
And sizzes awful lot.

And when the world has urgent need
And comes to them for aid,
You find their hearts are full of greed,
'Twas empty fuss they made.



AN INVISIBLE LADDER.

We see the stars above the earth
Set in the Heavenly dome;
But ne'er can see the ladder rounds
On which we climb back home.

POETS.

Some poets like the butterfly
That flutters round in sight,
Their gorgeous colors please the eye,
They find no place to light.

They flit around above your head
When sun is warm and bright,
A thousand ways by fancy led,
Then vanish from your sight.

Some poets have an eagle eye—
They see a truth afar;
On buoyant wings they mount on high
To pluck a brilliant star..

You watch them in their lofty flight,
They have some point in view;
They perch on pinnacle of height
With star plucked bright and new.

DEPARTING DAY.

The sun sinks in the distant sky
As beams fade soft away,
Our thoughts so bright sink out of sight
And we have had our day.

PASS ON.

"You had your day, ain't that enough,
  Why should you block the road?
The way has been a little rough,
  Sometimes you had a load.

"You had your day, come now be kind,
  You've walked the path of life;
Give place for one who walks behind—
  He's eager for the strife.

"You had your day, your share of joy,
  Your share of sadness, too;
There is no gold without alloy—
  To him this all is new.

"Give place for one who does not know
  The ups and downs of life,
Then he will have a chance to show
  His courage in the strife."

ALL DAYS EQUAL WORTH.

With God all days have equal worth,
  With man it is not so:
The reason is that man is fooled,
  While God doth all things known.

A counterfeit seems just as good,
What difference does it make?
So owner thinks it genuine,
And does not know the fake.

The Advent thinks he has a prize
And keeps the Seventh Day;
Another day some Christians keep
And throw the Seventh 'way.

They all are fooled, each day is good.
If we the truth did know,
For God is with us every day,
Righ living makes it so.

BRIGHT EYES.

There was a bird with plumage bright,
And lovely graceful form—
Why did you fly so far away?
We miss you night and morn.

Your eyes were bright and flashed the light
Seemed lent them from the stars;
Your presence near oft gave us cheer—
We miss them now you're far.

Fly back, dear bird, with plumage bright,
Your presence bringeth cheer;
Your eyes so bright would us delight
By day and night when near.

WHO?

Doctors of Divinity traveling in cars,
All sleepers and diners attached,
Going to promulgate their doctrines afar;
'Tis little attention they 'tract.

Now Jesus I see on some dusty by-way,
Clouds of dust because of the throng;
Far have they come, attention they pay
To the words like manna that fell from His tongue.

The doctors of learning a ripple can't make
On the surface of every day thought;
But Jesus, unlettered, made Pharisees quake,
On the world great changes He wrought.

A STAR IN SKY FOR ME.

God set a star in sky for me
That I might know He's there;
And when I see it shine so free,
I raise my heart in prayer.

I never pass a single night,
But what I gaze in sky;
If guiding star for me shines bright
I feel that God is nigh.

'Tis need I go to Him in prayer,
And nightly see my star,
That I may know that God is there,
For me left gates ajar.

When earthly things so fleeting are,
And time is on the wing,
I'm glad to look to worlds afar
Where time no changes bring.

I SEE ALL WORLDS.

Remotest time and distance aid
The vision of my eye,
I see the hamlet at my feet,
Most distant worlds I spy.

One God unseen they all adore,
I see them bend the head,
In every age, in every clime,
They hear His silent tread.

And those who dwell in distant worlds,
And those who dwell on earth,
Are all one family in His sight—
His children 'round one hearth.

What difference then does distance make?
He's 'round about them all,
Before the words have reached the lips
He hears their every call.

MOTHER LOOKING AT HER BOY'S PICTURE.

Oh, my boy, how innocent,
I would that thou wert same again;
But time has changed thee much,
I've wept for thee but tears are vain.

Had death then taken thee
I'd thought it cruel fate at time,
But thou wert left to me,
Thy heart no longer mine.

My sorrow now is more intense,
Oh, Heaven, am I to blame?
I prayed that thou might live
And thou hast brought me shame.

Thou wert the idol of my heart,
And still that idol's there:
The broken fragments cut and smart—
The worst, he does not care.

A COMPLETE SACRIFICE.

Their sacrifice to be complete
Must burn in altar fire;
Such sacrifice Christ did not meet
Tho much the priests' desire.

His part in sacrifice was made
Inside of brain of Paul,
In prison cells the plans were laid
To rear salvation's walls.

On this foundation church is built,—
Christ built on solid stone;
The church must fall—foundation's silt—
Blood can't for sin atone.

"Only by blood are sins remit,"
Is final word of Paul;
When Christ in final judgment sits,
Not blood, kind acts is all.

DOUBTING THOMAS.

Now doubting Thomas he is called
Because he sought the truth;
But Christians think him better saint
Who does not ask for proof.

And why is faith so highly praised?
And research so deplored?
Is it because fair Canaan's land
May never be explored?

And why are doctrines most absurd
Held true by trusting minds?
Must they believe if they'd be good,
And ever go it blind?

WHAT THE PREACHER SAID.

The preacher said: "No manuscript of the Bible now known to be in existence is older than the 4th century. The Old and New Testaments are not half as large as then—the major portion having been rejected. The Old Testament was then in Hebrew and contained no vowels. These have been substituted. So when we read the Psalms or the Prophecies of Isaiah, we know not that we are reading the words intended by the writer. Even the Hebrew name for God is not known."

"Why did the preacher tell the facts?"
To me good brother said;
" 'Twill give the skeptics chance to doubt
If light on truth is shed."

This query of the good brother suggested to me the following poem:

WEAKEST LINK.

Men hunt for weakest link to find
The strength of any chain;
While Christians look for strongest proofs
Their doctrines to maintain.

The man who would investigate,
And search for weakest link,
Is thought ungodly and unwise,—
One foot o'er burning brink.

Why should we fear a link will break?
  Give it the strongest test;
If truth has welded every link
  Our anchored ship will rest. .

Lift up your chain and search each link—
  If any link is frail
Your anchor then will never hold,
  In time of storm will fail.

THE SEEN BORN OF THE UNSEEN.

In whose brain first fell the rain?
  Whose mind first saw the dew?
Who rocked the deep in her first sleep
  In oceans' cradle new?

Whose was the hand that placed the land
  On earth's foundation deep?
That it might stand a home for man
  And all his wants might meet.

Whose was the eye conceived the sky
  And wove it from a dream?
First saw the light when all was night
  And brought forth every beam?

Where was the mind that first was kind
  And taught man how to love?
Whose was the heart first felt the dart
  That shot from skies above?

Who made the brain to feel the pain
Which others also feel?
That man might know each other's woe,
Their kinship thus reveal?

SOULS LAST REFUGE.

"Where is thy refuge, Oh, my soul,
When life's long voyage is o'er?
In heaven thy refuge, tell me, soul?"
"'Not there, I seek for more."

"Is sky above so blue thy home?
Or in the flowery dell?
Where is thy home when life is o'er,
Oh, soul, where wilt thou dwell?

In far off land beyond the sea?
Or in some world on high?
Where wilt thou dwell when life is o'er?"
I listen for reply.

"Wilt sunbeams deck thy home, oh, soul,
And diamonds 'dorn thy neck?
Will Angels be thy bosom friends
And answer every beck?

What is thy hope, oh, soul, I pray,
When life and cares are o'er?"
"My greatest hope and all my trust
Is God's dear love, no more."

APPROACH OF A SHIP.

We see a ship approach on crest,
  Draw near and nearer shore,—
Some freighted soul our world to test
  Returned this way once more.

As on the wave the ship departs,
  And drops from sight o'er crest,—
So we on voyage of life must part
  With all we love the best.

Dimmer, dimmer, the distance seen,
  Till headlands fade from sight;
Before us rise the living green—
  A world that's far more bright.

So memory faint, and fainter, holds
  The past that once we knew;
And future opens and unfolds
  Another world to view.

How oft the ship has sailed the sea,
  How oft has touched the shore,
There is no record borne to earth,
  Tho oft has sailed before.

A pile of letters long we keep
  With memories of the past,
We gather them into a pile
  And burn them all at last.

If memory clung to everything
And could not part from past,
Future to us sad joy would bring
Because of shadows cast.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,"
Came floating down to earth;
World's poets long had sung of war,
New song had Heavenly birth.

The stars had all been named for gods
Who fought the wars of men;
A Star of Peace arose on earth—
The Star of Bethlehem.

Famed kings with swords had conquests made,
The earth was their domain;
The Prince of Peace without a sword
O'er all the world would reign.

He wore no crown but that of thorns,
He had no throne but cross;
He came to conquer hate with love,
And melt the gold from dross. .

TELL ME OF SPRING.

Go to the man who's been in cell
For lo these many years;
He's coming forth to meet his wife,
There's springtime in their tears.

Go ask the season bound with ice,
For months so dark and drear;
When sun comes forth with warmth and light,
And brings to world new cheer.

You hear the ice rake in the stream,
And float in floods away;
The winter bands that held it tight
Have broken in a day.

The frozen swamp has loosed its bands,
The rushes sway in breeze;
The bright warm sun wakes up new life—
All things it seems to please.

The croaking frogs that never chirped
For all the winter long,—
When south wind blows and sky is warm,
Have turned the night to song.

The "dutchman-breeches" spring from ground
In garments fresh and new,
And "ladies'-slippers" dressed for show
O'er night appear in view.

The buckeye trees come forth in bloom
And hang with silky down;
The hickory blossoms burst their cells
And show their glossy gowns.

The sap mounts up the maple tree
With juice of nectar sweet;
There's not a thing so blind or dumb
But feels a change complete.

The birds that left for southern clime
Now winter storms have flown—
The swan, the goose, on lofty wings,
Seeped north o'er fields fresh sown.

If nature feels what prison means
Behind the winter bars,
Then she is glad when springtime comes
And leaves his gates ajar.

The million buds sealed up for months,
On thousand dreary trees,
Burst forth from cells as if to say
"We greet the sunny breeze."

All tribes of birds whose songs were hushed
By storms and winter clouds,
Renew their songs of gladdest strains
In music clear and loud.

GOD'S WAYS THE BEST.

We're apt at times to criticize
And say God's ways are hard;
We little know of what we speak,
Else we our words would guard.

The sorrows we behold around
In many parts of land,
Begets a kindness in our hearts,
And calls for helping hand.

Our sickness makes us prize our health,
And toil makes rest so sweet,
And sorrow makes us comfort seek,
And prize each friend we meet.

Our wants but call us on to work
For that we greatly need;
It gives to work a greater zest,
And calls for greater speed.

Our hunger makes us prize our food,
And relish what we eat;
The greater is our appetite,
The greater is the treat.

'Tis darkness makes the day seem bright,
And cold makes warmth feel good,
And dreary winter, blizzards, storms,
Lend charms to summer moods.

The desert waste and miles of sand
Make fertile spots more bright,
And pearly streams 'tween banks of green
Gives now a new delight.

The poor man's dime more pleasure brings
Than dollars to the heir,—
While wealth is oft a burden borne,
And brings a world of care.

SEMI-GODS.

Says Holy Book, "God's sons each took
Daughters of men for wives";
From this strange brace "rose giant race"—
Till flood cut short their lives.

The Greeks had gods and semi-gods,
Famed heroes of the earth;
Had human form, from mothers born,
Both God and man by birth.

These legends now seem strange, I trow,—
But not to them of old,
When every wood and mount had brood
Of semi-gods, we're told.

Then is it strange on Bethlehem's plain,
In this heroic age,—
Came One by birth not of this earth,
As told on sacred page.

THE VOICE OF CREATION.

Shalt Thou not speak from Thy creation,
From the works that Thou hast made?
'Round all the earth is Thy formation,
They have done what Thou hast bade.

Then don't they hear Thy voice in action,
Don't they tell what Thou hast said;
If rocks can hear, and all creation,
Can our hearts be dumb and dead?

Like unseen air that moves in silence
On the hill tops far away,
God works upon our inmost conscience
In some strange, mysterious way.

And then the storm will gather o'er us,
The lightning flash across the sky,
Our tears will pour like rain before us—
God of mercy, then we cry.

Our weeping clears the sky around us,
Sun shines out so bright and clear,
The rainbow Hope then spans above us,
Fills our hearts with light and cheer.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 937 240 6